

A
SELECTION
OF
MISSIONARY
AND
DEVOTIONAL
HYMNS,

DESIGNED

For the Use of the Congregation,

MEETING IN

Orange-Street Chapel,

PORTSEA.



By JOHN GRIFFIN.



PORTSEA:

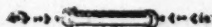
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PREFACE.



EVER since we commenced a monthly prayer-meeting for the success and spread of the Gospel, we have experienced the want of hymns suited to the occasion. When I first mentioned to our church the necessity of enlarging the number of such hymns, and requested the persons then present to lend me what hymn books they had by them, in order that I might select such as were suited to the subject—my design went no further than to make a selection in manuscript, that those who wished might take copies of it.

The inconvenience attending this method, led them to desire me, when I had made the selection, to print it; and I promised to com-

ply with their request, if the people would subscribe for a number sufficient to defray the expence of printing. But when I mentioned it to some others of the church, they objected to an increase of our hymn books, from our having too many already, and Dr. Watts's being too seldom used; but the same persons suggested that if I would enlarge my design and select, from the different books we have in use, all the principal hymns, and thereby make a selection sufficiently large to render all others (except Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns) unnecessary, it would be of considerable advantage to the congregation.

By relating this proposal to several others, and finding it generally approved, I was induced to enlarge my design to its present extent.

The hymns we had in our different books relating to the propagation of the Gospel, were most of them in didactic poetry; speaking of it as a subject of prophecy, to be fulfilled at

P R E F A C E.

at some future period, rather than praying for, and expecting it as a blessing now to be enjoyed. This I have long considered as being very unfavourable to devotion, and therefore I was induced to attempt an alteration of most of those hymns, and render them petitionary. For this reason I have inserted a few of Dr. Watts's Psalms, whose original form is didactic; but by a change of the mood, person, or tense, they are made suitable to my design. I am aware the alteration has in many instances injured the elegance of the poetry; yet I hope the advantage it will afford to the spirit of devotion, will be more than a compensation to the pious mind.

I have been actuated by the same motive in my choice of the hymns, which for the sake of distinguishing them from the missionary, I call devotional. These consist, principally, of hymns—confessing sin—praying for blessing—pleading the promises—and giving thanks for mercies.

I have often observed that the hymns which are the most devotional are by far the most frequently used, both by those who choose them at our prayer-meetings, and by our Clerk in our public worship. The comparative smallness of the number of this description in Dr. Watts's, was one prevailing inducement with me to comply with the request of those who wished me to make a collection sufficiently large to be used as an appendix to his Psalms and Hymns, and to preclude the necessity of using any other.

Though the hymns which are not missionary are chiefly devotional; yet as the book is intended to be used in our public worship, I have inserted a considerable number which the congregation have long been in the habits of using, that do not immediately come under this description; but are of a more general nature; viz. Invitations to sinners—for fast days—general or particular occurrences, as afflictions, death, judgment, &c.

It is

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It is not to be supposed that this book contains hymns suited to every sermon, as there is no book that does, nor indeed is it necessary; for the hymns which pray that the sermon may have its due weight upon the minds of the hearers, and be exemplified in their lives, appear more suitable after sermon, than those which merely repeat the sentiments of the discourse in didactic poetry. I have therefore inserted a considerable number of short hymns of this description; some at the end of the missionary, and the others at the end of the devotional, which I trust will be found useful, when neither Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, nor this selection, will furnish us with a hymn suitable to the sermon.

The missionary hymns are designed, principally, for the use of our prayer-meetings for the success of the Gospel; yet they should by no means be confined to them. Our hymns, like our prayers, sermons and actions, have long displayed too little of a missionary spirit. It might be well if one or two of them were

sung every Lord's day; as having a tendency to revive in the minds of the congregation a sense of the necessity and importance of missions to the heathen, and to excite a spirit of earnest prayer for their salvation.

I hope this selection will answer every essential purpose as a supplement to Dr. Watts's; and earnestly pray it may prove a means, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, of aiding that part of worship in which I have often engaged with inexpressible pleasure; and prove a blessing to that people for whose spiritual interest my soul is concerned next to its own.

*Havant-Street, Portsea,
Feb. 9, 1797.*

J. G.

SELECTION
OF
HYMNS, &c.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

I.

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS
THYSELF.

- 1 THE holy law, to Israel giv'n,
Bespeaks its origin from heav'n;
Design'd all nations to embrace,
And form'd to bless the human race.
- 2 Its principles on all impress'd,
With kind affections fill the breast;
And whether rule, or conscience sways,
That man is happy who obeys.
- 3 Behold the Saviour there unite
Perfect obedience and delight;
And while he taught, "the law is good,"
Maintain'd its honours with his blood.
- 4 He liv'd, he taught, he died to prove,
The sacred principles of love;
And now reigns glorious to bestow,
This gift divine on men below.

- 5 O may our christian conduct shine,
A fair resemblance, Lord, of thine;
And for thy love, let our's abound,
And spread the whole creation round!

II.

The obligation of Britons to propagate the Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **S**HALL science distant lands explore,
Commerce her wealth convey;
Shall sin extend from shore to shore,
Its desolating sway?
- 2 And shall there not be christians found,
Who will for Christ appear,
To spread the gospel's joyful sound,
And preach salvation there?
- 3 Shall Britain to remotest climes,
Transmit her *guilt* alone;
And not (with her infectious crimes)
Make her great Saviour known?
- 4 O! may our warm and kindling zeal,
Burn to an holy flame;
Wide as the world his truth reveal,
And all his love proclaim.
- 5 To distant lands let us repair,
And there an effort make,
That they who in our miseries share,
May of our joys partake.

- 6 Great God! if thou our efforts bless,
 If thou direct our ways;
 Then shall the lands who share the grace,
 Reverberate thy praise.

III.

A call to Britons to communicate the Gospel to the
 Heathen.

- 1 **G**O, favour'd Britons, and proclaim,
 The kind Redeemer you have found;
 And speak his ever precious name,
 To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Ah! why have ye so long forborne,
 To tell such glorious news as this;
 Go now, till every sinner hear,
 And share in such exalted bliss.
- 3 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
 Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
 You bring a freedom bought with blood,
 The blood of an incarnate God.
- 4 To India's golden shores convey,
 A richer treasure, more refin'd,
 And tell them, tho' they'll scarce believe,
 You come the friend of human kind.
- 5 Say, the religion you profess,
 Is all benevolence and love;
 And by its own divine effects,
 Its heavenly origin will prove.

MISSIONARY

IV.

Neglect reproved and deplored.

- 1 "GO," said the voice of heavenly love,
"My Gospel preach to every land,
Lo, I am with you to the end,
Observe and follow my command."
- 2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever gracious news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews.
- 3 *Then*, to the Gentiles far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name;
And the glad tidings of his grace,
To this distinguish'd island came.
- 4 But ah! to spread the sacred theme,
How few have our attempts been found!
What heathen land from *us* has heard,
The glorious heart-reviving sound?
- 5 To us their duty they bequeath'd,
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equal'd their's,
The same had been our blest reward.
- 6 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive;
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal;
Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
And let *us* all his influence feel.

H Y M N S.

V.

The slumbering Professor roused.

ove,
land,
BRITAIN hath long enjoy'd,
The precious written word,
And careless Britons long abus'd,
The goodness of the Lord.

The Lord in anger may
His Gospel soon remove,
And plant it where that fruitful tree,
Shall yield the fruits of love.

Oh! deprecate a curse,
So awful and severe,
And tell him how your souls would grieve,
To lose a gift so dear.

und!
d,
Then rise, believer, rise,
And act as well as pray;
With vigour break the fallow ground,
And clear the thorns away.

Remove each stumbling stone,
And by your *deeds* confess,
How your devoted hearts esteem
The word of righteousness.

Lord, make the seed take root,
In heathen's hearts at home,
And water'd by the Holy Ghost,
Like a new Eden bloom.

MISSIONARY

VI.

Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb!
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above;
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;

H Y M N S.

Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

VII.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED—AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAY.

I IF God will work, who can prevent?
Objections vanish into air;
Worm Jacob shall the mountain thresh,
If Jacob's God command him there.

The times and seasons best are known,
To his pervading, watchful, eye;
Who means, perhaps, by awful signs,
His children's faith and hope to try.

'Tis when the enemy comes in,
Like a vast overwhelming flood,
The Spirit shall a standard raise,
And all his malice be withstood.

He knows both where, and when, and how,
To work his own designs of love;

And sooner than his promise fail,
The earth's foundation shall remove.

- 5 Away then every chilling fear,
Each indolent excuse, away ;
The stone from stripling David's hand,
Again shall proud Goliath slay !

VIII.

Great Effects by weak Means.

- 1 **U**NBELIEF the soul dismays,
What objections will it raise !
But true faith securely leans,
On the promise, in the means.
- 2 If to faith it once be known,
God has said, it shall be done,
And in this appointed way ;
Faith has then no more to say.
- 3 Moses' rod by faith uprear'd,
Thro' the sea a path prepar'd ;
Jericho's devoted wall,
At the trumpet's sound must fall.
- 4 Thus the Lord is pleas'd to try,
Those who on his help rely ;
By the means he makes it known,
That the power is all his own.
- 5 Yet the means are not in vain,
If the end we would obtain ;
Tho' the breath of prayer be weak,
None shall find, but they who seek.

HYMNS.

God alone the heart can reach,
Yet his ministers must preach;
'Tis their part the seed to sow,
And 'tis his to make it grow.

IX.

Encouragement to pray.

BEHOLD, th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
The barren wilderness assume,
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

Events, with prophecies, conspire,
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The fields present already white,
A rip'ning harvest to our sight!

The untaught heathen waits to know,
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
And exil'd slaves wait to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part:
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne!

- 6 From eastern to the western skies,
 May incense to his name arise;
 And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew,
 By sovereign grace, be form'd anew.

X.

God will provide Instruments where he has a work.
 Psalm lxxvii. 11.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus to the heathen lands,
 His blest Salvation sends,
 All shall obey his great commands,
 And strong be Zion's friends.
- 2 The number shall be truly great,
 Who spread the joyful theme;
 While sin and hell in vain oppose,
 Their strongest force to him.
- 3 Tubal and Javan hail the day;
 India and Afric join;
 And distant East and West display,
 The reign of love divine.
- 4 Pardon and grace and peace and joy,
 Flow in a sacred stream;
 While songs of praise their tongues employ,
 And love their souls inflame.
- 5 O happy days! ye moments, haste;
 Lord give these eyes to see,
 Sin and the curse for ever past,
 And heav'n restor'd in thee.

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- 6 Oh, bless our aims, our ends confirm,
And let the nations prove,
The power of thine almighty arm,
And wonders of thy love.

XI.

Encouragement to pray for the Success of the Gospel,
drawn from the effects of Moses' Rod.

- 1 **W**HILE Moses wav'd his mystic rod,
What wonders follow'd while he
Firm as a wall the waters stood; [spoke!
Or gush'd in rivers from the rock.
- 2 At his command the thunders roll'd,
Light'ning and hail his voice obey'd,
And Pharoah trembled to behold,
His land in desolation laid.
- 3 But what could Moses' rod have done,
Had he not been divinely sent?
The power was from the Lord alone,
And Moses but the instrument.
- 4 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
Thy servants help to preach aright;
And since thy Gospel Rod they bear,
Display thy wonders in their sight.
- 5 Proclaim the thunders of thy Law,
Like light'ning let thine arrows fly;
That careless sinners struck with awe,
To Jesus may for mercy cry.

- 6 Make streams of godly sorrow flow,
From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel;
And let the broken spirit know,
That thou art near his grief to heal.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, afford a sign,
That pray'r shall now success obtain;
Since both the means and pow'r are thine,
How can the rod be rais'd in vain?

XII.

The Conversion of the Gentile Nations, promised to the Church. Isa. lx. 3—5.

- 1 **Z**ION, look round with joyful eyes,
On all those gathering nations gaze;
Behold with one consent they rise,
And flock and flow to thy embrace!
- 2 Drawn by thy grace the sons of night,
The Gentile world shall come to thee;
And kings o'er power'd with heavenly light,
Admire thy dazzling purity.
- 3 Soon as to thee their face they turn,
They shall their royal state forget;
On earth look down with holy scorn,
And lay their crowns at Jesu's feet.
- 4 For all the isles for Christ shall wait,
And ships to bring thy sons from far,
Shall come from their dispers'd estate,
With all they have, and all they are.

- 5 And all thy gates shall open stand,
By day and night, immensely wide,
T'admit the crouds from every land :
The Gentile-world's inflowing tide !
- 6 The nations shall in Christ believe,
Their kings thy willing converts be ;
And brought within thy walls receive,
Their highest dignity from thee.

XIII.

Encouragement to pray for Success of the Gospel, drawn
from Ezekiel's preaching to dry bones.

THE Church may from Ezekiel's case,
Draw hope in this declining day ;
A proof like this of saving grace,
Should chase our unbelief away.

When sent to preach to mould'ring bones,
Who could have thought he would succeed ?
But well he knew, the Lord from stones,
Could raise up Abra'm's chosen seed.

Can these be made a num'rous host,
And such dry bones, new life receive ?
The prophet answer'd, " Lord, thou know'st
They shall, if thou commandment give."

Like him, around we cast our eyes,
And Oh ! what heaps of bones appear :
O Lord, to thee we raise our cries !
That thou would'st cause the dead to hear.

- 5 O heavenly wind, awake and blow,
In answer to the prayer of faith;
And thine almighty influence show,
And fill dry bones with living breath.
- 6 O make them hear and feel and shake,
And at thy call obedient move,
The bonds of death and satan break,
And bone to bone unite in love!

XIV.

Thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, &c. Isa. liv. 3--5.

- 1 **R**EDUNDANT as a swelling tide,
My church shall break on every side;
The dams o'erflow, the mounds bear down
And spread the Gentile world around.
- 2 Her first born sons, a holy seed,
Thro' every distant realm shall spread;
No more shall she upbraided be,
With fewness or with poverty.
- 3 The cities that for ages past,
Thro' sin laid desolate and waste,
Her zealous children shall repair,
And Christ himself inhabit there.
- 4 O Lord, regard our earnest cries!
And bid the ruin'd city rise;
There reign, throughout the earth ador'd
Sole, sovereign, universal Lord.

XV.

Thy waste and desolate places—shall be too narrow, &c.
Isa. xlix. 19.

- 1 **Z**ION, thy land laid waste and void,
Depopulated and destroy'd;
Shall smile again, manur'd and till'd,
Again inhabited and fill'd.
- 2 My people sav'd; my chosen seed
Shall through the land of promise spread;
The unfrequented wilderness,
Be crouded with the sons of grace.
- 3 Satan, who made their souls his prey,
Shall flee for ever chas'd away,
The world no longer shall devour;
And sin lay waste my church no more.
- 4 O God of all-redeeming grace,
Hasten those promis'd happy days;
When in obedience to thy word,
Millions shall know and own thee, Lord.

XVI.

Behold I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles, &c.
Isa. xlix. 22.

- 1 **I** BY my holy name have sworn,
The Gentiles shall my church adorn;
The kingdoms of the world shall be,
Through mighty grace subdu'd to me.

- 2 The forces of both earth and sea,
My gospel church, shall come to thee;
Till lodg'd within thy kind embrace,
Gentiles and Jews, are join'd by grace.
- 3 For by a strong uplifted hand,
I will the heathen world command;
Their great preserver to proclaim,
And spread thro' earth the christian name.
- 4 The heathen world shall own my sign,
And, willing made by power divine,
Shall to my gospel standard come,
And bring thy wand'ring children home.

XVII.

Kings shall be thy nursing Fathers, &c. Isa. xlix. 23.

- 1  Zion thou shalt fully know,
The King of kings reveal'd below;
Righteous, and true and good I am,
Jehovah Jesus is my name.
- 2 Expecting me on earth to reign;
My people shall not wait in vain;
But sav'd, and perfected in one,
Shall share my everlasting throne.
- 3 Earth's greatest kings and queens shall be,
Divinely great, by serving thee;
They shall defend the faithful seed,
And cheerfully my people feed.

- 4 While those, who persecute and hate
My church, in her forlorn estate,
Shall soon indignantly submit,
And lick the dust beneath thy feet.
- 5 The worms that swell to wear a crown,
I'll bring their haughty spirits down ;
But I, in majesty divine,
Will be thy God, for ever thine.

XVIII.

The promised state of the Church in the latter day.

- 1 I WILL thine officers create,
And fill their hearts with perfect peace ;
Thy publicans shall avarice hate !
Renew'd in love and righteousness !
- 2 No violence shall in thee be heard,
Or sad complaint of lawless power,
While Satan is no longer fear'd,
And sin destroys thy land no more.
- 3 Thy proud oppressors shall bow down,
In suppliant guise thy feet embrace ;
With deep remorse their error own,
And weep and humbly sue for grace.
- 4 Their hosts and fleets shall then resign,
The fulness of the lands and floods,
And earth and sea, shall all be thine,
For thou art Christ's, and Christ's is God's.

- 5 O what a change will then ensue,
When former things are far remov'd!
Nature is grace and old is new,
And all is heighten'd and improv'd!

XIX.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION DESIRED.

- 1 GREAT Lord of all the churches, hear,
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies!
- 2 May every pastor, from above,
Be new inspir'd, with zeal and love,
To watch thy folds and feed thy sheep;
And his own heart with care to keep.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Raise us from sloth, our hearts inflame,
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear,
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

XX.

A spirit of Prayer desired.

- 1  LORD, with one consent we meet,
To seek the smilings of thy face ;
We bow before thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 But, Jesus, we shall meet in vain,
If thou thy quick'ning power withhold ;
And every heart will still remain,
Languid, indifferent and cold.
- 3 Thou source of light, and life divine,
Give each a praying, waiting heart ;
Let every thought, O Lord, be thine !
And all intruding care depart.
- 4 The value of immortal souls,
Deeply impress on every mind ;
And may we wrestle with the Lord,
That millions may salvation find.
- 5 O, Holy Ghost, thy power reveal,
And in our spirits intercede ;
That we like Jacob may prevail.
While for the guilty world we plead.

XXI.

The Spirit and Grace of Prayer.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, mighty Lord,
Jehovah is thy name :
Thy glories here will we record,
And sing thy wond'rous fame.
- 2 Of heavenly love, thou art the pledge,
The witness and the seal :
Oh! that in prayer, when we engage,
We may their influence feel.
- 3 Help our infirmities, we pray,
Our ignorance remove ;
Oh, smile our darkness into day,
And fill us with thy love !
- 4 Our faint attempts, Lord, kindly own,
And for us intercede ;
Hear every sigh and every groan,
Which from our hearts proceed.
- 5 View every pained, throbbing heart,
That would but cannot pray :
Thy gracious influence impart,
To teach them what to say.

XXII.

A Spirit of Prayer, and the Revival of Religion
desired.

- 1 **O**NCE more we come before our God
Once more his blessing ask ;

O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed, thy servant sows,
Produce a plenteous fruit.

4 Bid the convincing north-wind wake,
Say to the south-wind blow;
Bid every plant thy power partake,
And all thy garden grow.

5 Revive the parch'd with heavenly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is our's,
Be all the glory thine.

XXIII.

The increase of Family Religion prayed for.

FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand,
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

- 2 To God most worthy to be prais'd
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints, in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants and our rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 To them thy sacred truth convey,
And turn their darkness into day;
Give them thy Spirit, with thy word,
To teach their souls to know the Lord.
- 5 Thus may our children learn the road,
That leads them to their father's God;
And form'd by lessons so divine,
May infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 6 And may each future eye proclaim,
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful we remove,
To join the family above.

XXIV.

A Prayer for Parents.

WITH deep concern may parents
think,
How rich immortal spirits are;
Tremble to see them on the brink,
Of endless ruin, void of care.

- 2 For should their children's souls be wreck'd,
And they not warn them of the sands;
What double wrath must they expect,
From God the great avenger's hands.
- 3 May they the scriptures well enforce,
Precepts, and promises apply;
And by a chearful holy course,
Their sacred truths exemplify.
- 4 Yet when their best endeavour's done,
In that may they not place their trust;
But know that quick'ning power alone,
Belongs to God the Holy Ghost.
- 5 And O, may they in earnest pour
Their very souls before thy throne,
In secret prayer with tears implore,
Almighty grace his truth to own!
- 6 Nor shall the parent's flowing tears,
And earhest prayers their answers lose,
The God of Israel always hears,
The praying SPIRIT he bestows.

XXV.

Prayer for Children.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, young children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign;

Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold,
Then thy messenger said, " No ;
Let the children also go."

2 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew with an avenging hand
All the first-born of the land ;
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd ;
Hear us now, as on our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these.

3 Lord, we tremble ; for we know,
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight ;
Spread thy pinions King of kings,
Hide them safe beneath thy wings,
Lest the rav'nous bird of prey,
Stoop and bear the brood away.

XXVI.

Youth prayed for.

1 **N**OW may fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies,
Fervent prayer will bring us down,
Gracious answers from the throne.

2 Bless, O Lord, the minds of youth,
Make them feel the force of truth :

HYMNS.

While the Gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the desert of sin,
Then thy dying love reveal,
This will melt a heart of steel.

May the work thou hast begun,
By thy grace be carried on:
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue,
Let ten thousand sinners prove,
Mighty is the God of love.

XXVII.

An earnest desire for the Salvation of Youth.

NOW gracious Lord thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above;
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners be constrain'd to love,
Who never lov'd before.
- 4 Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the sacred word of truth,
Enrich the rising race.
- 5 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes!
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 6 For you, the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!
- 7 We pray that you may early prove,
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love,
That Jesus whom we preach.

XXVIII.

The Conversion of young People desired.

- 1  Gracious God, with pitying eyes,
The sons of men survey;
And see how youthful sinners sport,
In a destructive way.

Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them down,
Where hope can never come.

Reclaim, O Lord, their wand'ring minds,
Amus'd with airy dreams;
That heavenly wisdom may dispel,
Their visionary schemes.

May hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crouds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

XXIX.

Increase of Christian Affection and Union prayed for.

LET party names no more,
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Be one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd,

Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away;
May they in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus may the church below,
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

XXX.

Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not
 Ephraim. Isa. ii. 13.

- 1 **T**HE happy day of union sweet,
 O when shall it appear?
 When, Lord, shall all thy people meet,
 In amity sincere?
- 2 When shall they strive and fight no more,
 But think and speak the same;
 And all express the loving power,
 The meekness of the Lamb?
- 3 O visit us bright morning star,
 And bring that perfect day;
 Urg'd by our faith's incessant prayer,
 No longer Lord delay.
- 4 But now destroy, the envious root
 The ground of feuds remove,
 Fill the whole earth with golden fruit,
 With ripe milleneal love.

XXXI.

The state of the Church lamented; its revival pleaded
 and prayed for.

- 1 **H**ELP Lord, nor let thy Church decay,
 The race of true believer's fail;

Shall Satan seem to gain the day,
And over Jesus Christ prevail ?

2 Hast thou not promis'd to thy sons
A progeny his laws to serve ?
Long as the moon its course shall run,
This boon his agonies deserve.

3 Shall the wide earth in every part,
Be prest beneath her Maker's foes ?
And shall the sun his light impart,
And only wickedness disclose ?

Thy vengeance soon the world would burn,
Hadst thou not still a chosen race ;
Their hearts to thee, great Saviour, turn,
And make them know thy sovereign grace.

Here let successive saints arise,
Redeem'd from hell by blood divine ;
Till thou hast peopled all the skies,
And made them bright in glory shine.

XXXII.

The miserable Condition of the World deplored, and its
Renovation desired.

WE weep for those who weep below,
And burden'd for th' afflicted sigh ;
The various forms of human woe,
Excite our softest sympathy.

- 2 We sore lament the earth to see,
With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd;
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide, extended field of blood.
- 3 Imploded on Abaddon's side,
Men mangle their own flesh and slay;
Tophet is mov'd, and opens wide,
Eager for its enormous prey.
- 4 What myriads sink beneath the grave,
While men like fiends each other tear;
And plunge into the foaming wave,
In all the hellish rage of war!
- 5 Lord, fill our hearts with mournful care,
With an unutterable groan;
And draw out every soul in prayer,
And breathe our wishes to thy throne.
- 6 O Jesus, thou almighty friend,
The havoc of thy creatures see!
Bid our unnatural discord end,
Declare us reconcil'd in thee.

XXXIII.

A Prayer for the Town in which we live.

- 1 **O** Saviour, bless this town with peace,
Let friendship sway her sceptre here,
May hearers of thy word increase,
And ever find thy presence near.

May Christ the Sun arise and shine,
With beams of love and heavenly joy,
Spread o'er the town his light divine,
And groundless prejudice destroy.

O bless the men who fear thy name,
With sacred joy their souls inspire;
May holy zeal, their hearts inflame,
And thousands feel the heavenly fire.

Bless ministers of every name,
Who faithfully thy truth impart,
Assist them by thy mighty aid,
To speak thy truth to every heart.

XXXIV.

Praying for the Communication of the Spirit.

GREAT Father of each perfect gift!
Behold thy servant wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

For while we with admiring eyes,
Thy gospel's glories see,
We long for thousands to reply,
"Salvation's sent to me."

In fatal shades of gloomy night,
Ten thousand wretches stay;
And Satan blinds ten thousand more,
Amidst the blaze of day.

- 4 O shed abroad thy royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless their eyes with saving light,
 And fire their hearts with love.
- 5 O, by thy sacred Spirit's breath,
 Kindle a holy flame;
 Refine the love thou might'st destroy,
 And magnify thy name.

XXXV.

The Church the Residence of the Saints, and God's
 care of it.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
 On Earth establish his abode?
 And will he from his radiant throne
 Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace,
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace;
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces in his train;
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey;
Before the world may it appear
That crowds were born to glory here !

XXXVI.

Wrestling with God for Souls,

BEHOLD, with pleasing extacy,
The Gospel standard lifted high !
That all the nations from afar,
May in the great salvation share.

Why then, almighty Saviour, why
Do wretched souls in millions die ?
While wide th' infernal tyrant reigns
O'er spacious realms, in pond'rous chains ;

And shall he still go on to boast,
Thy cross its energy hath lost ?
And shall thy servants still complain,
Their labours and their tears are vain ?

Awake, all-conqu'ring arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake ;
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call this ruin'd world thine own.

Thine all-successful power display,
Produce a nation in a day ;
For at thy word this barren earth
Shall travail with a general birth.

- 6 Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe,
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,
Like waving corn before the winds.
- 7 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure,
A world where thou art known no more;
Transform it, Lord, by conqu'ring love,
Or bear us to the realms above.

XXXVII.

THE INCREASE OF THE CHURCH PROMISED,
PLEADED, AND PRAYED FOR.

- 4 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son;
That thro' the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 " Ask, and I'll give the heathen land,
" For thine inheritance;
" And to the world's remotest shores,
" Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues
Under th' expanse of heaven;
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given. .

- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd;
And Europe with her millions shout,
Hosannah to the Lord.
- 6 May Africa and Asia sound,
From shore to shore his fame;
And both Americas, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim.

XXXVIII.

Earnest Intreaties for the Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HOU sovereign of the earth and skies
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou O great Jehovah hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mould'ring wall thou raise,
Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise.
- 3 For this a lowly suppliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait;
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call and knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their Idols to the ground.

- 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 6 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan and of Rome.
- 7 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious show'rs;
That we may call our God our Friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.

XXXIX.

A Prayer-hearing God.

- 1 **W**E wait in Sion, Lord, for thee,
Here shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 3 To answer what thy church requests,
May truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness,
Fulfil thy kind design.

- 4 Thus may the wond'ring nations see
 The Lord is good and just ;
 And distant islands fly to thee,
 And make thy name their trust.
- 3 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
 When signs in heaven appear ;
 O may they learn thy holy word,
 And love as well as fear !

XL.

At a Prayer-meeting for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive ;
 Accept this evening's sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give.
- 2 Sinners convince of unbelief,
 Their desp'rate state explain ;
 And fill their careless hearts with grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the leper rise ;
 And bid the guilty conscience dread,
 The death which never dies.
- 4 A painful sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load ;
 Trouble, then wash the troubled heart,
 In the atoning blood.

- 5 Their desp'rate state through sin declare,
 And speak their sins forgiven;
 By inwrought holiness prepare,
 And take the soul to heaven.

XLI.

The spread of the Gospel requested.

- 1 SAVIOUR King, assume thy power,
 Thou who art the conqueror;
 Lead thy promis'd glory on,
 Bring the nations to thy throne.
- 2 Japhet's Isles do bless thy name,
 Let the West thy worth proclaim;
 Wash the Ethiopian clean,
 In the East new signs be seen.
- 3 Great the band of those be found,
 Who proclaim the joyful sound;
 Let it to thy Israel come,
 Let it bring the wand'ers home.
- 4 To the brightness of thy face
 Fly in troops the suppliant race;
 Princes too adorn the train,
 Monarchs bow, and bless thy reign.
- 5 Now, like lightning thro' the skies;
 May the latter glory rise;
 Now may we behold thy power,
 And salute th' accomplish'd hour.

- 6 Quickly, Lord, thy triumphs bring,
Tongues and kindred wait to sing;
Then shall all the chosen race,
Shout aloud redeeming grace.

XLII.

The Means of Grace ineffectual, without the Power of
the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **O** THOU! at whose almighty word,
The glorious light from darkness
Thy quick'ning influence afford; [sprung,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.
- 2 Though 'tis thy truth he hopes to speak,
He cannot give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine, the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.
- 3 As when of old the waters flow'd
From Horeb's rock at thy command;
Moses in vain had wav'd his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand.
- 4 As when the walls of Jericho,
Down to the Earth at once were cast;
It was thy power that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blast.
- 5 Thus we would in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone depend,
To make the Gospel's joyful sound
Effectual to the promis'd end.

- 6 When sinners hear thy word of grace,
 May self and pride before it fall;
 And rocky hearts dissolve apace,
 In streams of sorrow at thy call.

XLIII.

Unto him shall the gathering of the People be.
 Gen. xlix. 10.

- 1 **T**HE heathen lands to Christ are giv'n,
 Supreme on earth and Lord of heav'n;
 Now may he take his power and reign,
 A wide, unbounded empire gain.
- 2 May Jesus make his glory known,
 And claim the honours of his throne;
 And let it be exulting said,
 This is our Saviour, this our head.
- 3 May strangers meet with joy and praise,
 One universal church to raise;
 Barbarian, Scythian, Greek, and Jew,
 Their ancient fellowship renew.
- 4 Descended from one common head,
 Although in diff'rent regions bred;
 From every quarter may they fly,
 As clouds that pass the azure sky.
- 5 Let us our time, our gifts improve,
 Inspir'd by pure fraternal love,
 Send to the East, the South, the West,
 And bid them be as Britons bless'd.

XLIV.

I will gather them that are sorrowful, &c.

Zeph. iii. 18—20.

- 1 **H** E A D of thy church, for thee we look,
Her long captivity to turn;
Whose solemn feasts despis'd, forsook,
Whose desolate estate we mourn.
- 2 With sorrow her reproach we bear;
But plead the sure, prophetic word;
And wait, in answer of our prayer,
To see Jerusalem restor'd.
- 3 Gather the nations in one day,
Thy once distinguish'd flock bring in,
Our old oppressive tyrants slay,
With all the brood of inbred sin.
- 4 Our weak, degen'rate souls forgive,
Whene'er we have been put to shame;
Thy people's dignity retrieve,
And vindicate the christian name.
- 5 Collected, perfected in one
Jesus, thy chosen people show;
And through the wond'ring world, make
Thy glorious, holy church below. [known,
- 6 O might I on her glories gaze!
Her glories all to me be given;
When God vouchsafes to sound her praise,
And spread her fame thro' earth and heaven.

XLV.

Efficacious Grace. Psalm xlv. 3—5.

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty Jesus, how divine,
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy world obey.

XLVI.

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth—
it shall accomplish that which I please. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

- 1 **M**ARK the soft falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again:
But waters earth, through every pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.
- 2 So saith the God of grace,
My Gospel shall descend,

Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend:
 Millions of souls shall feel its power,
 And bear it down to millions more.

- 3 O when, almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise,
 To verify thy word,
 And bless our wond'ring eyes?
 That earth may raise united songs
 Of ardent praise, with all its tongues.

- 4 Amazing beauteous change,
 A world created new;
 Our thoughts with transport range
 The lovely scene to view:
 Saviour divine, in all we trace,
 The work is thine, be thine the praise.

XLVII.

For behold the Darkness shall cover the Earth, and
 gross Darkness the People: but the Lord shall arise
 upon thee, and his Glory shall be seen. Isa. lxi. 2.

- 1 **A**RISE, in all thy splendour, Lord,
 Let power attend thy gracious word;
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
 And shew the glories of thy grace.
- 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
 And be thou known th' Almighty God;
 Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
 While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
Make Satan's reign, and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.
- 4 Thick darkness o'er the nations spreads,
And men are plung'd in dismal shades;
O God! arise, with light divine,
And let thy truth and glory shine.
- 5 Thus may the triumphs of thy grace
Abound, while righteousness and peace
In mild and lovely forms display
The glories of the latter day.

XLVIII.

The inefficacy of Reason to appease the Conscience; and
praying for the more general Spread of Divine Truth.

- 1 **O** Jesus! by thy sacred truth,
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffuse throughout the mental world
Its healing beams of light.
- 2 Till truth appears, the wounded soul,
In agonizing pain,
The way of peace incessant seeks,
But finds her efforts vain.
- 3 Philosophy and moral sense,
With their officious pride,
Conduct to labyrinths of woe,
Whom they presume to guide.

- 4 But truth divine, with friendly aid,
 Withdraws the wand'ring feet;
 Converts the sorrows of the mind
 To joys divinely great.
- 5 Lord, send thy light and truth abroad,
 Through all thy favour'd land;
 And bid thy num'rous heralds fly,
 At thy supreme command.
- 6 The banner of thy cross display,
 Dear signal of thy love!
 Till every tongue confess thy sway,
 And every heart approve.

XLIX.

And it shall come to pass in that Day that the great
 Trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come who
 were ready to perish, &c. Isa. xxvii. 13.

HOW many years has man been driv'n,
 Far off from happiness and heav'n!
 When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
 Thy wand'ring church to roam no more?

Six thousand years are nearly past,
 Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
 And ever since his fallen race,
 From age to age, is void of grace.

When will the happy trump proclaim,
 The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb!
 When shall the captive troops be free,
 And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

- 4 We long to see the day appear,
The promis'd great sabbatic year;
When, far from grief, and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 5 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

L.

Now shall the Prince of this World be cast out.
John xii. 31.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of heaven, thine empire
O'er all the worlds on high; [spreads
And at thy frown th' infernal powers
In wild confusion fly.
- 2 Permitted now to range at large,
And traverse earth and air,
O'er captive, human souls he reigns,
And boasts his kingdom there.
- 3 Yet thence thy grace can him dethrone,
With one almighty word;
O send thy potent sceptre forth,
And reign, victorious Lord!
- 4 Let wretched prisoners be releas'd,
The smiling light to view;
Nor let the vanquish'd foe return,
Their bondage to renew.

- 5 May grace complete that wond'rous work,
Which thy own power begun;
And fill from Satan's gloomy realms,
The kingdom of thy Son.
- 6 O'er thousand's souls where he once rul'd,
May we thy triumphs see;
And be their rescu'd souls and ours
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

LI.

The Kingdom of Immanuel exalted.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus first at heaven's command
Descended from his azure throne,
Attending Angels join'd his praise,
Who claim'd the kingdom for his own.
Hail Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore,
And sound his fame from shore to shore!
- 2 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
The powers of darkness trembling stood,
To hear the dire decree, and feel
The vengeance of the mighty God.
- 3 Not with the sword that warriors wear;
But with a sceptre dipt in blood,
He bends the nations to obey,
And rules them by the love of God.
- 4 Ride on and prosper, King of kings,
Till all the powers of hell resign
Their dreadful trophies at thy feet;
And endless glory shall be thine.

- 5 Go with thy servants, gracious Lord,
And bid them tread the tempter down;
Be more than conqu'rors by thy word,
And wear the universal crown.
- 6 Soon shall the monster Sin submit,
His hateful sceptre to thy call;
Death and death's author soon shall die,
And Jesus Christ be All in All.

LII.

The increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail! incarnate God,
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold;
O may thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To thee may hoary heads,
Their silver honours pay;
To thee may blooming youths,
Devote their brightest day:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway;
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Eternal be thy reign,
 May every nation sue
 To wear thy gentle chain;
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

LIII.

The Jubilee.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high;
 The summons send from coast to coast,
 And call a num'rous army nigh.

A solemn jubilee proclaim,
 Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
 Assert the glories of thy name,
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 Thy myst'ry to the heart explain.

LIV.

The success of the Gospel pleaded and prayed for.

THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smilings of thy face,
 Assemble round thy mercy seat,
 And plead the promise of thy grace.

- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to intreat;
And feel some animating hope
We shall divine acceptance meet,
- 3 With deep humility we say,
We cannot, will not let thee go;
We cannot quit our suit, till thou
Some token of success bestow.
- 4 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to gentile lands,
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?
- 5 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea
His vast dominion shall extend?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?
- 6 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd children home,

L.V.

Prayer for the Extent of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 GREAT God! whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdoms to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne,

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hand,
 All heaven submits to his command;
 May he with power avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 Soon may he vindicate the just,
 And tread th' oppressor in the dust,
 And make his fear and worship last
 Till hours and years and time are past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 May Jesus send his influence down,
 And grace on fainting souls distil,
 Like heavenly dew on Zion's Hill.
- 5 May heathen lands which lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight,
- 6 May churches flourish in his days,
 Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
 And peace, like rivers from his throne,
 Flow down to nations yet unknown.

LVI.

The Lord intreated to compel Sinners to come in.

LORD, how large thy bounties are,
 Sinner's tender, gracious, friend;
 What a feast dost thou prepare,
 And what invitations send!

Now fulfil thy great design,
 Who didst first the message bring;
 Every heart to thee incline,
 And compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward road,
 Sinners no compulsion need,
 Glory to forsake, and God,
 See they run with rapid speed;
 Draw them back by love divine,
 With thy grace their spirits win;
 Every heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.

3 Thus their willing souls compel,
 Thus their happy minds constrain,
 From the ways of death and hell,
 Home to God and grace again;
 Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
 Once out-stretch'd to bleed for sin;
 Every heart to thee incline,
 And compel them to come in.

LVII.

The Spread of the Gospel among the Heathen.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth,
 Are by creation thine;
 And in thy works by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind;

Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 O Lord, may these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
'Till every tribe and every soul
Has heard the joyful sound.

4 May Afric's dark, benighted sons,
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals long enslav'd become
The freemen of the Lord.

5 Soon may th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace.

6 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

LVIII.

An Invocation to the Father, the Son, and to the Holy
Spirit, on the behalf of Sinners.

FATHER supreme, now condescend
To bow thy kind attentive ear,
While we our supplications send,
With reverential awe and fear,

- 2 Jesus, thy promises we plead,
We bless thy love, we thank thy care,
Who hast with kindest feelings said,
"Where two or three are met, I'm there."
- 3 Spirit divine, thine influence shed,
Illuminate the darken'd mind;
Teach us in paths of love to tread,
Teach us to pray for all mankind,
- 4 For Ethiopian, Turk, and Jew,
For hoary age, and blooming youth,
For Afric's sons of sable hue;
That all may know the God of truth.
- 5 May Father, Son, and Spirit too,
Petitions hear, petitions grant;
And sanctifying grace bestow
On every soul that feels its want.

LIX.

The Waters of the Sanctuary.

- 1 GREAT source of being and of love!
Thou blessest all the worlds above;
And all the joys we mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount in Canaan's land,
Beside the temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

- 3 O may this stream with sudden force
Swell to a river in its course ;
Through desert realms its windings play,
Diffusing blessings all the way !
- 4 Close by its banks, in beauty fair,
May Christ the Tree of Life appear ;
Its blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on its fruit may nations live.

LX.

- 1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, to let our
pray'r
Ascend before thy throne ;
That millions, tho' unknown, may hear
The Gospel of thy Son.
- 2 We feel the power of love divine,
And pray, the heathen race
The unrelenting slaves of sin,
May bow to sovereign grace.
- 3 Bless all endeavours form'd in love,
That they to Christ may flee ;
Nor let their clime nor conduct prove,
Objections, Lord, with thee.
- 4 May they with eager joy embrace
The truths thy servants bring ;
And join in songs of sweetest praise
To their eternal king.

LXI.

The Influence of the Sun of Righteousness upon the
Heathen World.

- 1 **A**RISE, great Sun of righteousness,
And with thy light the nations bless;
Surround the globe with truth divine,
And let it with refulgence shine.
- 2 Thick clouds the heathen world surround,
With darkness awful and profound;
More cold and callous are their souls,
Than icy mountains at the poles.
- 3 As rapid as the solar light,
May truth dispel their gloomy night;
And more extensive than the day,
Its mighty energy display.
- 4 The snow dissolved by the sun,
Makes rivers with deep torrents run;
And when they're aided by such force,
Sweep all before them in their course.
- 5 Thus may thine influence from above
Dissolve the heathen hearts by love,
Make rivers of repentance flow,
And drown their idols as they go.
- 6 Oh! may this sun its glories shed,
And round the world its influence spread;
That millions may its light adore,
And see it rise to set no more.

LXII.

Shall the Prey be taken from the mighty, &

Isa. xlix. 24---26.

S SHALL the mighty lose his prey,
By a mightier torn away?
Shall the strong man arm'd be foil'd,
Of his lawful captive spoil'd?

Who from Satan's tyranny,
Can a world of sinners free?
Every lawful captive seize,
Claim a ransom'd world for his.

3 Answers my almighty Lord,
Truth himself has spoke the word;
"I will bear the prize away,
"Spoil the spoiler of his prey."

4 Jesus, now thine arm display,
All our fierce oppressors slay;
Thou on whom thy saints depend,
Come, and with our foes contend.

5 Satan bruise beneath thy feet,
Make the world and sin submit;
Crush the monster with his sting,
Let the lawful captives sing:

6 "We our liberty receive,
"We our gloomy dungeons leave;
"Cast the chains of sin away,
"Walk at large in open day."

LXIII.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall
be no end. Isa. ix. 7.

1 **G**REAT Heir of David's throne,
O'er earth exalted be;

The kingdoms and the power assume,
For all belong to thee.

2 Erect thy throne of grace,
In all the heathen's sight;

Thy kingdom of true holiness,
And order it aright.

3 And may thy kingdom grow,
From strength to strength increase;

Thy righteousness the earth o'erflow,
And fill the world with peace.

4 Wider and wider still,

Thy mighty power extend;

With love divine thy people fill,

With joys that never end.

5 In zeal for God and man,

Thy full salvation bring;

The universal Monarch reign,

The saints' eternal King.

LXIV.

Interceding for the Gentiles.

1 **T**HOU glorious Sun of righteousness,
With healing in thy wings, arise,

- A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies!
- 2 We wrestle for the human race,
By sin eternally undone;
Unless thou magnify thy Grace,
And make thy richest mercies known.
- 3 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known,
Thy judgments to the nations shew.
- 4 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the heathens know thy name,
And worship thee the living God.
- 5 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly thy truth maintain,
And spread thy glorious Gospel, where
Satan, and sin, and error reign.

LXV.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travel,
On a glorious day of Grace:
Blessed Jubilee.
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase;
 May thy sceptre
 Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

LXVI.

The Standard of the Spirit lifted up.

- 1 **G**OD of the ocean, at whose voice,
 The threat'ning floods are heard no
 more;
 Behold their madness and their noise,
 And silence the tumultuous roar.
- 2 Here streams of pois'nous error swell,
 There rages vice in every form;

They join their tide, roll on to hell,
And Zion trembles at the storm.

3 Almighty Spirit, raise thine arm,
And lift the Saviour's standard high;
Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,
And call thy chosen legions nigh!

4 With chearful hearts, may thousands come,
And round the sacred banner throng;
May Zion make the conqu'ror room,
And triumphs burst into a song.

LXVII.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 O Jesus, reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journies run;
Thy kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

2 May every island, with its king,
And Europe her vast tribute bring;
From north to south, make princes meet,
To pay their homage at thy feet.

3 May Persia glorious to behold,
And India rich in eastern gold,
And barb'rous nations hear thy word,
Enjoy its power, and own thee Lord.

4 To thee may endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown thy head;
And may thy name like incense rise
With every morning sacrifice.

- 5 May every people, realm and tongue,
Dwell on thy love with sweetest song;
And infant voices loud proclaim,
Their early blessing on thy name.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

LXVIII.

Christ's Kingdom extended by the efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 **L**ET us sing the King Messiah,
King of righteousness and peace;
Hail him all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease;
Ever hail him,
Never let his praises cease.
- 2 Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course, majestic,
All success attend thy war;
Mighty victor,
Make the world before thee bow!
- 3 Majesty combin'd with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite;
To ensure thy blessed conquests,
Ascertain, great Prince, thy right;

Ride triumphant

All around the conquer'd globe.

- 4 Let thy right hand scatter terror,
Hurl abroad thy keenest darts ;
Thus bring down the stoutest rebels,
Deep transfix their stubborn hearts ;
Let thy power
Vindicate thy righteous cause.

- 5 Carry on the war with vigour,
Let thy foes no respite know ;
Till the people fall before thee,
Lowly at thy footstool bow ;
Push thy conquests,
All the earth by right is thine.

- 6 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
✕ Blest are all that know thy reign ;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescu'd from its galling chain ;
Saints and Angels,
All who know thee bless thy reign.

LXIX.

Prayer for the display of divine Power in the Conversion of Souls.

- 1 GREAT Sov'reign of the human heart !
Thy mighty energy impart ;
Convey thy darts through breasts of steel,
And make the nether millstone feel.

- 2 Lct sinners tremble at thy word,
Struck by the terrors of the Lord;
And while they tremble let them flee
To seek their help, their all from thee.
- 3 O may they seize the present day,
Nor risk salvation by delay!
To morrow, Lord, to thee belongs,
This night may vindicate thy wrongs.
- 4 This night may stop their fleeting breath,
And seal them to eternal death,
May veil redemption from their sight,
And give them flames instead of light.
- 5 Or should succeeding years remain,
Years with their sabbaths, all in vain
Before their darken'd eyes may roll,
And more obdurate leave the soul.
- 6 Great Saviour! let thy pity rise,
And make the wretched triflers wise;
Lest pangs and tremblings felt in vain,
Hasten and feed immortal pain.

LXXI

Gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh, O most mighty, &c.
Psalm xlv. 3---5.

GIRD on thy glitt'ring sword,
Ascend thy flaming car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war:

Before thy wheels,
In glad surprise,
Make vallies rise,
And sink the hills.

- 2 May wisdom, truth and love,
And injur'd righteousness,
Compose thy retinue,
And seek from thee redress ;
And in their cause
Now prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

- 3 Before thine awful face
May guilty rebels fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all :
Let millions know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do !

- 4 Here to my willing soul,
Bend thy triumphant way ;
Here every foe controul,
And all thy power display :
My heart, thy throne,
Blest Jesus see,
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

LXXI.

Compassionate concern for Sinners.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I view the mournful scene,
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.
- 6 On thee I wait, almighty Lord,
And trust the promise of thy word;
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

LXXII.

- 1 **Y**E Islands of the Southern Sea,
 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
 His word like fire prepares his way,
 And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 Dear Jesus, thy own right maintain ;
 Let idol gods around
 Fill their own worshippers with shame,
 And totter to the ground.
- 3 Let the whole earth thy love proclaim,
 With all her different tongues ;
 And spread the honours of thy name,
 In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 But come and make thy blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.
- 5 Rule o'er the world with truth and grace,
 And make the nations prove
 The glories of thy righteousness,
 And wonders of thy love.

LXXIII.

I will gather all nations and tongues, and they shall see
 my glory. Isa. lxvi. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER of boundless grace,
 Thou hast in part fulfill'd

Thy promise made to Adam's race,
And in the Saviour seal'd.

2 A few from every land,
At first to Salem came ;
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

3 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord,
The full accomplishment attend,
Of thy prophetic word.

4 Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace;
And new-discovered worlds arise,
To sing their Saviour's praise.

5 Then let thy heralds run
To earth's remotest bound;
And make thy glorious mercy known,
And spread the gospel sound.

6 Call forth a list'ning throng,
To know their sins forgiven ;
And bring them in from every tongue,
And nation under heaven.

7 Belov'd for Jesu's sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
Let every nation come and make
One undivided fold.

- 8 That gather'd in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They may at once thy glory see,
In thine eternal Son.

LXXIV.

The Plea and Expectation of Faith.

- 1 **L**ORD, at the footstool of thy grace,
Our humble, ardent prayer we pour;
With expectation and with hope,
We supplicate and we adore.
- 2 Long hath thy promise dormant lain,
Yet faith can chearfully depend;
When th' appointed season comes,
Thou wilt the wish'd-for blessing send.
- 3 Without a wavering doubt, we look
Forward to that auspicious day;
When nature shall by grace subdu'd,
New homage to Immanuel pay.
- 4 May nothing injure or destroy,
In all the holy mount of God;
But through the wide extended earth,
His precious name be spread abroad.
- 5 That name which Satan hears with dread,
And every saint with rapture sings;
Jesus, that name divinely sweet,
Whence hope, and whence enjoyment
springs.

- 6 Lord, may his glorious name appear,
 Thy Spirit dwell on all the earth;
 And by his new creating power,
 Give time itself a second birth.

LXXV.

Let the whole Earth be filled with his glory; Amen,
 and Amen. Psa. lxxii. 19.

- 1 **L**ET the whole Earth be fill'd
 With thine own glory, Lord!
 Our prayers are all compris'd in this,
 "Let Jesus be ador'd!"
- 2 May that glad day approach,
 The long expected time,
 When Jesus shall his reign extend
 To every distant clime.
- 3 May haughty tyrants bow
 Before his sovereign power;
 His enemies embrace the dust,
 And thence arise no more.
- 4 May kings with pleasure serve
 A Monarch so divine;
 And in exulting strains declare
 "The kingdoms, Lord, are thine."
- 5 We have no more to ask,
 Here our petitions end!
 "From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 "May Jesus' reign extend!"

- 6 All private wishes yield
To a request like this;
And every selfish thought is lost
In such enlarged bliss!

LXXVI.

MINISTERS AND MISSIONARIES PRAYED FOR.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer!
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best attainments are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe then with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new creating power.

- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Unhappy souls forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

LXXVII.

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free !
May every under shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will,
With kindness, patience, love and care,
With faithfulness and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And let them live and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 O, never let the sheep complain,
That toys which fools amuse,
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,
Debase the shepherds' views.
- 5 " O Lord, avert this heavy woe,"
May all thy shepherds say,
And grace and strength on each bestow,
To labour while 'tis day.

LXXVIII.

1 **J**ESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Let all the missionaries shine,
Illustrious as the sun;
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

3 As giants may they speed their race,
Exulting in thy might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the great Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And may their lustre still increase,
Even to the perfect day.

5 And when their glorious race is run,
Fill them with joy divine;
That like a summer's setting sun,
They may with glory shine.

LXXIX.

Implored the call of suitable Persons to the work of the
Ministry, and success in it.

1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear our prayer!
Send forth thy lab'ers to the field,

Appoint them where to cast the seed,
Which shall abundant increase yield.

- 2 Prepare them for the blest employ,
By gifts of nature and of grace;
And let an energy divine,
Denote the smilings of thy face.
- 3 Prepare the people to receive
The sacred message they convey:
And by thine all-sufficient power,
Revive the apostolic day.
- 4 O may an unction from above,
Accompany the word they preach;
And make it mighty in thy hand,
The hearts of multitudes to reach.
- 5 Thus may thy promise be fulfill'd,
The great Redeemer's triumphs spread;
And every nation under heaven
Acknowledge him their sovereign head.

LXXX.

- 1 **T**HE power belongs to God alone
Fit instruments to raise,
Whose lives may make his goodness known,
And spread their Saviour's praise.
- 2 O Lord, thy faithful workmen send,
With gifts and talents blest,
To labour till their toil shall end
In everlasting rest.

- 3 With signs their high commission seal,
And shed thy love abroad;
In every ordinance reveal,
The pard'ning love of God.

LXXXI.

Enviest thou for my sake? Would God all the Lord's
People were Prophets, &c. Num. xi. 29.

- 1 **M**OSES, the minister of God,
Rebukes our partial love,
Who envy feel at gifts bestow'd
On those we disapprove.

- 2 We do not our own spirits know,
Who wish to see suppress,
The men that Jesus' spirit show,
The men whom God has blest.

- 3 Shall we the Spirit's course restrain,
Or quench the heavenly fire;
Let God his messengers ordain,
And whom he will inspire.

- 4 O that the church might all receive
The gifts of prophecy,
And every member useful live,
And all in Jesus die.

LXXXII.

Travelling in birth for Souls. Gal. iv. 19.

- 1 **W**HAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ!

It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy:
No other post affords a place
For equal honour or disgrace!

- 2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel;
Constrain'd to speak in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?
- 3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth;
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear
They watch for the event;
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!
- 5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are over paid;

No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

- 6 Where'er thy word is sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

LXXXIII.

The guidance and protection of the Missionaries
prayed for.

- 1 **T**HY servants, Lord, through mighty
In honour to thy name, [grace,
Have left their friends and native place,
The heathen to reclaim.
- 2 May sovereign wisdom choose their way,
And mark their footsteps right;
Give them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 3 And give thine angels charge to keep
Their feet in all their ways,
To watch their pillows while they sleep,
And guard their useful days.
- 4 The scorching sun and sickly moon
Permit not them to smite;
But shield their heads from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

- 5 Kindly sustain their weakest powers
 With thine almighty arm,
 And watch their most unguarded hours
 Against surprise and harm.
- 6 Thus may they tread the desert through
 With unmolested feet;
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that they meet.

LXXXIV.

Desiring that the Missionaries may be endued with
 sacred courage and joy.

- 1 BLESS'D men who leave their native
 land,
 Submissive at their Lord's command,
 To spend their time, their strength and
 breath,
 For him who lov'd their souls in death.
- 2 May they with joy their course pursue,
 And keep the crown of life in view;
 That crown which in one hour repays
 The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct their way
 Preserve them, Lord, from sore dismay;
 And fill their souls with sacred joy,
 Which earth and hell can ne'er destroy.
- 4 If call'd to suffer and to die,
 Be thou, O gracious Saviour, nigh;
 One smile from thee their souls will fire,
 And teach them smiling to expire.

Should nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
May grace their feeble courage raise,
And turn their tremblings into praise.

LXXXV.

A Prayer for divine favour to attend the Missionaries.

1 WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Those whom we now to thee com-
mend,

Their persons bless, their souls secure,
And make them to the end endure.

2 Gird them with all-sufficient grace,
Direct their feet in paths of peace,
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help them to obey thy will.

3 Before them thy protection send,
O love them, save them to the end;
Nor let them as thy pilgrims rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame and fill their heart,
In them thy mighty power exert,
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

LXXXVI.

The Protection and Success of the Missionaries in the
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS desired.

LORD, send thy gospel forth
With efficacious power;

- That east and west, that south and north,
May worship and adore.
- 2 Make them, O God of grace,
Thy more immediate care,
Who labour in the southern Isles,
And guard and bless them there.
- 3 Their prayers, O Lord, receive,
Their labours own and bless;
And to each missionary give
The pleasure of success.

LXXXVII.

A friendly Address to Missionaries.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
In his great name we say,
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow,
Depending on his promis'd aid
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall melt to plains,
Satan in vain oppose,
The cause is God's and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's name,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's guilty race.

5 We wish you in his name
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavour bless.

6 We'll share your hopes and fears,
Your sorrows and your cares,
While for you at a throne of grace
We pour our fervent prayers.

7 When you from us depart,
To cross the boisterous main;
We then will bear you on our hearts,
And hope to meet again.

LXXXVIII.

Experimental knowledge communicated.

1 JESUS my advocate above,
Let me not *bear* of thee alone,
But make the wonders of thy love,
By deep experience sweetly known.

2 On thee my soul would fix its eye,
My lips would taste thy heavenly grace;
Then would I raise thine honours high,
And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.

3 The sacred flame from heart to heart
Should with a rapid progress run,
Till each in God could boast his part,
Thro' sweet communion with the Son.

- 4 Thus may the servants of the Lord
Feel the salvation they proclaim;
And thus may crowds receive the word,
And echo back the Saviour's name.

LXXXIX.

PRAYER FOR THE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

- 1 **M**OST gracious God, thy love display
Be with our spirits while we pray;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are, combine
To forward objects so benign.
- 3 Point us to men of upright mind,
Devoted, diligent and kind;
With grace be all their hearts endow'd,
And light to guide them in the road.
- 4 With chearful steps may they proceed
Where'er thy providence may lead;
Let heaven and earth their works befriended
And mercy all their paths attend.
- 5 Great let the bands of those be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound;
And let Barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.

- 6 Where Pagan altars now are built,
And blood of beast or man is spilt,
There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,
And God, our God alone rever'd.
- 7 Where captives groan'd beneath their chain,
Let grace and love and concord reign;
The aged and the infant tongue
Unite in our harmonious song.

XC.

Prayer for a blessing on the plan of the Missions.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes of man

Can never well succeed;
But if thy praise alone be sought,
And all our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be bless'd indeed.

Lord, if thou didst our souls inspire
With this intense and pure desire,

Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
Let all we do begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name.

In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,

And all its impious ways;
One only thing resolv'd to know,
And use our time our all below,
To spread Immanuel's praise,

- 4 Dear Jesus, now thy love impart,
 Encourage each devoted heart
 To make thy glories known;
 Where'er thy providence shall lead,
 With chearfulness may they proceed,
 And God their labours own.

XCI.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice,
 Let every land his name adore;
 While British missions send the noise
 Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Let nations meet around thy throne,
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy,
 And know that thou art God alone,
 Thou canst create and thou destroy.
- 3 Thy sovereign power without their aid,
 Made them of clay and form'd them men;
 And tho' like wand'ring sheep they stray'd,
 Yet bring them to thy fold again.
- 4 There may they flock with thankful songs,
 And crowd thy fold a thousand ways;
 Till earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

XCII.

A Collection for the Missionary Society.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
 Praise him all the hosts above;

Shout with joyful acclamations,
 His divine victorious love:
 Be his kingdom now promoted,
 Let the earth her monarch know,
 Be my all to him devoted,
 To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous, on the mountains,
 Are their feet, whose grand design
 Is to guide us to the fountains
 That o'erflow with bliss divine:
 Who proclaim the joyful tidings
 Of salvation all around;
 Disregard the world's deridings,
 And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
 My Redeemer and my Lord;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word:
 While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his friends of every station
 Gladly join to spread his fame,

XCIII.

For an annual Collection for the Missionary Society.

THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
 And every blessing earth affords;
 All come from his propitious hand,
 And must return at his command.

- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.
- 3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny:
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?
- 4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
And ministers their native place, [blood,
And spend their time, their strength their
To bring the heathen world to God?
- 5 And shall I wickedly withhold
To give my silver or my gold,
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinner Jesus loves?
- 6 Expand my heart, incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That what thy bounty render'd mine,
I may with chearful hands resign.

XCIV.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ANTICHRIST'S
SPIRITUAL BABYLON.

- 1 **A** VOICE of striking fear
Does from the city sound;
A voice we from the temple hear,
Which shakes the solid ground.

- 2 A voice from heaven proclaims,
The vengeful wrath of God;
The bloody city sinks in flames,
The temple is destroy'd.
- 3 For lo! Jehovah comes
From his most holy place;
By fire and sword his wrath consumes
The antichristian race.
- 4 Then let the saints rejoice,
And give him all the praise;
Proud Babylon at Jesu's voice
In dire confusion lies.
- 5 But Zion stands secure,
And ever shall abide;
She must from age to age endure,
For Christ is by her side.
- 6 Lord, still thy power reveal,
Perform the work begun;
The counsel of thy grace fulfil,
And make thy mercy known.

XCV.

And there followed another Angel, singing, Babylon
is fallen, is fallen. Rev. xiv. 8.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom,
Nor can her tottering palace fall,
Till some blest messenger arise,
The ransom'd heathen world to call.

- 2 Soon may that glorious time appear,
Soon may the mighty angel fly!
The gospel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the sky.
- 3 May all the kingdoms of the globe,
With rapture greet the sacred sound,
And taught a Saviour's precious name,
Throw every idol to the ground.
- 4 May Babylon's quick ruin come,
Her curst foundations all give way;
And her eternal overthrow,
The triumphs of the cross display.

XCVI.

The destruction of Antichristian Powers;
Dan. ii. 35 and 44.

- 1  GOD of heaven, appear below,
And let thy kingdom come;
The sinful powers on earth o'er throw,
And scatter and consume.
- 2 Lord, let the stone the image smite
The iron and the clay,
And conquer by thy gracious might,
And make the world obey.
- 3 Soon may this little stone prevail,
Opposing powers disperse;
And to a boundless mountain swell,
And fill the universe.

- 4 All antichristian thrones o'erthrow,
 Let thine alone remain;
 Begin thy thousand years below,
 And then forever reign.
- 5 O Lord, display thy glorious power,
 Thy final kingdom rise;
 And stand when time shall be no more,
 Eternal in the skies,

XCVII.

The great trumpet blown.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! the trumpet's solemn
 The gospel jubilee proclaim; [sound,
 Angels to the four winds go forth
 In the almighty Saviour's name:
 The year of his redeem'd is come;
 Go, call his chosen people home.
- 2 Famine, and pestilence, and war,
 His dreadful harbingers appear;
 Earthquakes and desolating storms,
 Declare his awful judgment near;
 Sudden it comes as lightning flies
 Swift from the east to western skies,
- 3 All hail, victorious, heavenly King,
 To thee let all the nations bow;
 Thy sceptre and thy sword we hail,
 Thy promise and thy threat'ning too;
 O take thy power, unrival'd reign,
 Nor make our expectations vain,

- 4 Till thy blest gospel, like the sun,
Through every distant land has shone;
The powers on earth and powers in hell,
Dispute the honours of thy throne.
O let that long expected day
Chase the dark night of sin away.
- 5 Too long the peaceful pruning hook
Has glitter'd in a murd'rous spear;
Too long the plowshare been misus'd,
To force the agonizing tear:
O cast them to the mould'ring fire,
And shape them as our wants require.
- 6 May war's curst arts be all forgot,
And peace and sweet fraternal love,
Discord, with her infernal train,
For ever from the earth remove;
O shorten these destructive days,
And change our prayers to songs of praise.

XCVIII.

- 1 GREAT God, whom heaven and earth
and sea,
With all her countless hosts obey;
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And kingdoms fall at thy command.
- 2 Beneath thy long suspended ire
Let papal Antichrist expire;
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
Till every nation bows to thee.

- 3 Then shew thyself the Prince of peace,
 Make every hostile effort cease;
 All with thy sacred love inspire,
 And burn their chariots in the fire.
- 4 The world shall then no discord know,
 But hand in hand to Canaan go,
 Jesus the peaceful King adore,
 And learn the art of war no more.

XCIX.

- 1 **T**IS not for vict'ry, Lord, we pray,
 For this we will not ask thine aid;
 But that our Saviour's new command
 May every human heart pervade.
- 2 We pray to see that happy time,
 That long-expected, blessed day,
 When all the race of fallen man
 The second Adam shall obey.
- 3 Soon may the mingled image fall,
 (Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay)
 And superstition's gloomy reign,
 To light and liberty give way.
- 4 In one sweet symphony of praise
 May Jews and Gentiles both unite,
 And infidelity asham'd,
 Sink in th' abyss of endless night,

- 5 May Afric's long enslaved sons
Be freed, and join with Europe's race,
To celebrate in different tongues
The glories of redeeming grace.
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
May Jesus' kingdom wide extend;
And every man in every place
Meet as a brother and a friend.

C.

THE CALL OF THE JEWS. JER. iii. 18.

- 1 **T**HE promise we for Israel plead;
O that the once beloved seed,
Back to the Lord may come;
Now bid them look on thee and mourn,
Where'er dispers'd, collect and turn;
And bring the wanderers home.
- 2 To Jews the gospel-faith impart,
And pastors after thine own heart,
Thine antient flock to feed
With knowledge of the crucified,
The Lord, who by their malice died,
And suffer'd in their stead.
- 3 May mingled tribes where'er they lie,
Distinct to thine all-seeing eye,
Thy mighty summons hear;

Hasten the day, when at thy word,
They all shall meet with one accord,
And worship in thy fear.

- 4 Judah and Israel's house incline
In one eternal league to join,
And to Messiah come;
After their long captivity,
Bid every soul regain in thee,
Its everlasting home.

CI.

Prayer for the call of the Jews.

- 1 **M**ESSIAH full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee we plead
The promises thy word records,
To Abra'ams guilty seed.
- 2 Almighty God of love,
Lift up th' attractive sign;
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine.
- 3 From favour'd Abra'am's seed
The new apostles choose;
In isles and continents to spread
The gospel's joyful news.
- 4 Lord, send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home,
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wand'ers come,

- 5 Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
The holy mount to gain.
- 6 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And shew thy promises fulfill'd,
Thy family complete.

CII.

The same.

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'am, hear,
Our earnest suit for Abra'am's seed;
Justly they claim an earnest prayer
From us adopted in their stead;
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide,
Thro' every nation under heaven;
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n;
Like Cain mark'd, they bear their load,
Abhor'd of men and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away;
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.

- 4 Come then, thou great deliverer, come,
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
 Receive thy ancient people home;
 That quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God the glory due.

CIII.

Prayer that Jews, Gentiles, and barbarous Nations, may
 join in praising the Lord.

- 1 LET Heathens know thy glory, Lord,
 And wond'ring nations read thy word;
 That sacred vows no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made.
- 2 Thy mighty grace let Gentiles know,
 And to the Jews thy gospel show;
 Let barb'rous nations fear thy name,
 And in thy courts thy praise proclaim.
- 3 Thus bring the day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel thy saving power!
 And every nation shall confess
 The beauty of thy holiness.
- 4 When every kindred, people, tongue,
 Shall join in universal song,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

CIV.

THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAY.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye nations of the world,
And hail the happy day,
When Satan's kingdom, downward hurl'd,
Shall perish with dismay.
- 2 Rejoice ye heathens, wood and stone
Shall form your gods no more;
Jehovah ye shall trust alone,
And only him adore.
- 3 Christians rejoice, your party names,
And diff'rent sects shall cease;
Error your grief, and wrath your shame,
Shall yield to truth and peace.
- 4 Ye sons of peace, the triumph share,
War shall no more be found;
The murd'rous sword, the bloody spear,
Shall fertilize the ground.
- 5 Bright o'er the mountains may we see,
This blessed morning ray;
And glorious may its shining be,
Even to the perfect day.

CV.

The Glory of the latter day desired

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of the world, attend,
Harken to thy people's moan;

Art thou not the sinner's friend,
Art thou not their friend alone.

2 Then thy gracious ear incline,
While they for redemption cry;
Think upon that word of thine,
"Your redemption draweth nigh."

3 Hear'st thou not the many prayers
Offer'd by thy church to thee?
See'st thou not the thousand tears
Pour'd before thy Majesty?

4 Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
That so many years they've cry'd?
Must their suit unanswer'd be,
Shall their prayers be still deny'd?

5 For thy boundless mercy's sake,
Turn thou the captivity;
Bring thy banish'd children back,
And unite them all in thee.

6 Lift thine ensign very high,
Let the bloody cross be seen;
Let thy scarlet banners fly,
Glorious in the sight of men.

7 Let thy blood with mighty power,
Wide as the creation reach;
Sweetly, loud, from shore to shore,
Thy eternal mercy preach.

- 8 Let thy favour'd, ransom'd seed,
Hear, and to thy temple flow;
All for whom thou deign'd to bleed,
Let them thy salvation know.

CVI.

The dawn of the Glory of the latter day.

- 1 **P**RAISE him that made you, all ye isles,
Let every nation join the song;
Give thanks for your Creator smiles,
Redemption will not tarry long.
Shout! for the Lord the Saviour's come,
Let all the nations make him room.
- 2 Jesus his glorious march begins,
Before him loud hosannahs sound,
To save his people from their sins,
And break the chains that bind them round.
- 3 His chariot wheels of living fire
Fly thro' the heavens, and burn their way,
Through all that checks his grand desire,
To spread the light of heavenly day.
- 4 The glorious rainbow round his head
Mercy and truth at once displays,
And peace and justice round him spread
Their radiant arms in close embrace.
- 5 Omnipotence is his bright bow,
His father well employs his hand;
His polish'd shafts of love strike through
The souls to endless life ordain'd.

- 6 But when his mighty bow he draws
To make his persecutors smart,
Those rebels that despise his laws
Shall feel his arrow in their heart.

CVII.

Effects of the universal spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
VAST as the blessings he conveys,
WIDE as his reign from pole to pole,
And PERMANENT as his controul.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall at its brightness flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Antichrist on every shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores through India's ground;
And Islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

- 6 O that from Britain now might shine
 This heavenly light, this truth divine;
 Till the whole universe shall be
 But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

CVIII.

PRAISE FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 **L** OUD to the God of heaven
 Your chearful voices raise,
 To him your vows be given,
 And fill his courts with praise.
 With conscious worth,
 All clad in arms,
 All bright in charms,
 He sallied forth.
- 2 Our tribute, Lord, we bring
 To thy victorious name,
 The song of Moses sing,
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 While Jew and Greek,
 With rapt'rous songs
 On all their tongues,
 Thy praises speak.
- 3 Our triumphs we prepare,
 And chearful anthems raise:
 Jehovah's arm made bare,
 Demands immortal praise:

And while we sing,
Ye shores proclaim
His wondrous name,
Ye deserts ring.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows:

Propitious still,
Till earth conspire,
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

CIX.

The spiritual Coronation.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CX.

The Keys of Death and the unseen World in the
hands of Christ.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.
- 3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord;
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

- * Worthy thy hands to hold the keys,
 Guided by wisdom and by love;
 Worthy to rule o'er mortal lives,
 O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 4 If death thy servants should invade,
 And powers of hell thy church annoy;
 Controul them, Lord, constrain their rage,
 To help the cause they would destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King,
 Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
 And call our longing souls to sing,
 Sublimar anthems near thy throne.

CXI.

Prayer and Praise for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **G**IRD on, great God, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conq'ring car;
 While justice, truth and love,
 Maintain the glorious war:
 Victorious thou, thy foes shall tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 2 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart;
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

- 3 We praise the Lord most high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide,
 While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breathed on every side:
 Balmy and rich the odours rise,
 And fill the earth, and reach the skies.
- 4 Ten thousand dying souls,
 Its influence feel and live;
 Sweeter than vital air,
 The influence they receive;
 They breathe anew, and rise and sing,
 Jesus their Lord, their conq'ring King.
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heaven with hosannahs rings!
 While earth in humble strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings;
 Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

CXII.

A hymn of praise for the Gospel.

(To the tune of *Vital Spark*.)

- 1 BLESS, O bless the God of grace,
 Help us to record thy praise;
 Wake up every cheerful passion,
 Bless the God of our salvation;
 May thy Spirit with thy word,
 In all hearts thy praise record.
- 2 Hark! the gospel's joyful sound,
 Sweetly echoes all around,

Let the Saviour's name and praise
Be our theme, through all our days :
Thus, dear Jesus, we will tell
How thou sav'st from sin and hell.
While we enjoy our voice and thought,
We'll sing the wonders thou hast wrought,
With sweet melodious ring :
Shout aloud ! rehearse his praise,
And tell of all his victories :
Rejoice, the Lord is King.

CXIII.

Hymn of Praise for the Gospel.

O JESUS our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy
word.

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing
rays.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation through
blood.

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

6 The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow,

7 This blessing be mine,
Through favour divine;
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine,

CXIV.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 **G**LORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply;
Praise ye his name.
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore our tremendous load,
Praise ye his name:
Sing how he fought alone,
Tell what his arm hath done;
What spoils from death he won;
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praise ye his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb.

CXV.

Praise for the success of the Gospel, and its continuance desired.

- 1 **S**HOUL, all ye saints, Immanuel reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs
spread;
And sinners freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace ~~are made alive.~~
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers ~~him~~ adore.
- 4 May Jews and Greeks his laws obey,
And distant lands their offerings bring,
And unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted God and King,
- 5 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
May saints his growing glories shew.

CXVI.

SHORT MISSIONARY HYMNS.

- 1 **G**REAT God, on us thy blessings show'r
 Let sinners feel thy mighty power;
 And thankful to their wond'ring eyes,
 Behold thy great salvation rise.
- 2 O God, thy gracious ear incline,
 And bid thy face on Zion shine;
 That sinners may thy gospel know,
 Where earth extends, or oceans flow.
- 3 May Jesus reign for ever King,
 And age to age his glory sing;
 Till every nation join to raise
 One universal song of praise.

CXVII.

Thy Kingdom come!

- 1 **O**UR Father, high enthron'd above,
 With boundless glory crown'd,
 Thou source of life, display thy love
 To every nation round.
- 2 O be thy will on earth obey'd,
 As 'tis obey'd above;
 And the profoundest homage paid,
 With all the joys of love.
- 3 Erect thy empire, gracious King,
 And spread its power abroad;
 Till earth and all her millions sing
 The praises of their God.

CXVIII.

A Prayer for the Extension of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 **G**IRD on thy sword, victorious King,
The nations now subdue;
Let all the world their tribute bring
To Jesus as his due.
- 2 May barb'rous nations soon unite
With British saints to raise
The honours of thy boundless might,
The triumphs of thy grace.
- 3 O may thy conquests, wond'rous King,
Spread through the universe;
That every clime thy praise may sing,
Thy mighty acts rehearse.

CXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of Jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea.
- 2 Thus may the Gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound,
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gather'd home.

CXX.

The whole Church prayed for.

- 1 **L**ORD, save the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;

Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

- 2 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace;
Give to the mourners heavenly day;
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

CXXI.

The prosperity of the Church prayed for. Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **N**OT for a favourite form or name,
But for immortal souls we care;
Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
That millions may her blessings share.

- 2 Prosper our church, our souls renew,
Our languid, fainting spirits raise;
And quicken neighb'ring churches too,
And spread throughout the earth thy praise.

CXXII.

The Kingdom shall be the Lord's. Oba. 21.

- 1 **M**AY the kingdom of grace
Be quickly restor'd,
And all the lost race
Bow down to our Lord;
May Jesus inherit
His Israel again,
And God, by his Spirit,
Eternally reign.

CXXIII.

Casting the Gospel net. Luke v. 3.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From num'rous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.
- 2 To mourners speak a cheering word;
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 3 Lord, hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

CXXIV.

- 1 **I**N vain Appollo's pleasing tongue,
And Paul's with strains profound,
Diffuse among the list'ning throng
The gospel's glad'ning sound.
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sov'reign grace divine
Each stubborn soul subdue.

CXXV.

A Prayer for Ministers and People.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servants
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;

Pour thy grace upon thy people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

As thy gracious word invites them,
To partake the gospel feast,
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest;
O receive them,
Let them find thy promis'd rest.

CXXVI.

He beheld the City and wept over it. John xix. 41.

1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our tears be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see,
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

CXXVII.

A Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth ador'd.

CXXVIII.

The same.

- 1 **T**O distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend;
To Gentiles, Turk and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace salvation shew.
- 2 Where'er the sun or light arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize;
May nations yet unborn confess,
Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

DEVOTIONAL HYMNS.

CXXIX.

THE SINGULNESS OF THE HEART LAMENTED.



LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!

How can I dare to venture nigh,
With such a load of sin!

If I attempt to pray,
And hush thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away,
I know not where I am.

If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine!

That blood which Jesus spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone,

- 6 Low at thy feet I bow,
 O pity and forgive!
 Here will I lie and wait, till thou
 Shall bid me rise and live.

CXXX.

The Heart is deceitful above all things. Jer. xvii. 9.

- 1 **M**Y base ingratitude I mourn,
 My stubborn will, my earthly mind;
 My thoughts how vain, to rove how prone,
 To every evil how inclin'd!
- 2 Who can, amongst the sons of men,
 Find out the vileness of my heart?
 None can the depths of sin explain,
 'Tis all corrupt through every part.
- 3 Could creatures look into my breast,
 How would they gaze with strange surprise!
 They'd hate me with a sore detest,
 And turn away their frightened eyes.
- 4 But what are creatures, Lord, to thee,
 They can't forgive one single sin;
 Were they dispos'd to pity me,
 They could not work one grace within.
- 5 To Jesus then I'll make my moan,
 Cleanse this polluted heart from sin!
 Jesus, thou canst, and thou alone,
 O condescend to make me clean!

- 6 I plead for mercy, at thy feet,
Make me inflexibly sincere,
Cleanse me from guile, from all deceit,
And fill my soul with holy fear.

CXXXI.

An inconstant Heart lamented.

- 1 **A**H! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn;
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 5 O let thy love with sweet controul,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

CXXXII.

Mourning the absence of God, and longing for his return.

- 1 **M**Y God, to thee I call,
Must I for ever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all;
O when wilt thou return?
- 2 My comforts all decay,
My inward foes prevail;
If thou withhold thy healing ray,
Expiring hope will fail.
- 3 Dear source of all my joys,
And solace of my care;
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice,
And grant my humble prayer.
- 4 These envious clouds remove,
Thy cheering light restore;
Conform my interest in thy love,
Till I can doubt no more.
- 5 Then if my troubles rise,
To thee, my God, I'll flee;
And raise my hopes above the skies,
And cast my cares on thee.

CXXXIII.

Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
dead;

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The fiery law speaks all despair,
 There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
 Call a bright council in the skies;
 Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
 Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
 The weighty vengeance of a God?
 In vain we ask; for all around
 Stand silent through the heavenly ground
 There's not a glorious mind above
 Has half the strength, or half the love.
 But O! unmeasurable grace!
 Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
 Down to our world the Saviour flies,
 Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
 Amazing work! look down ye skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
 Ye saints below, and saints above,
 All bow to this mysterious love.

CXXXIV.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

TEMPTED souls, arise and sing,
 Conquests soon your heads shall crown;
 Jesus, our victorious King,
 Soon shall tread the tempter down.
 Soon before your joyful eyes
 Satan shall in chains appear,
 Sentenc'd (never more to rise)
 To the realms of dark despair.

- 3 Weeping saints, a little while
Banish'd from the light of day;
Soon before your Saviour's smile,
Every shade will fly away.
- 4 Clouds may thro' the night endure,
But the morning soon will come,
When, from future clouds secure,
Zion's sun shall light you home.

CXXXV.

Fear not.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain;
His mighty arms their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for you provide;
Grant you supplies of daily food,
And all you want beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

CXXXVI.

Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load;
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace:
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful hearts,
The hope thy gracious word imparts;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

CXXXVII.

God ready to forgive.

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears,
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
And sink with sorrow to the grave?
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms surprise;
But was not thy incarnate son
A most-amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die;"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercy try!

CXXXVIII.

The Covenant God.

1 **T**HE God of Abra'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above:
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love!
 Jehovah great I AM!
 By earth and heaven confest,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abra'm praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand.
 I'd all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and power;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand;
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
 At God's command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view,
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

4 The God of Abra'm praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace

Shall guide me all my happy days,

In all his ways;

He calls a worm his friend,

He calls himself my God!

And he shall save me to the end,

Thro' Jesus' blood.

5 He by himself hath sworn,

I on his oath depend,

I shall on eagles' wings up-borne,

To heaven ascend:

I shall behold his face,

I shall his power adore;

And sing the wonders of his grace

For evermore!

CXXXIX.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 **A**FFLICTED Saint, to Christ draw
near,

Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;

His faithful word declares to thee,

That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,

"How shall I stand the trying day?"

He has engag'd by firm decree,

That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;

And if the conflict should be long,

Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;

For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross.
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

CXL.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing slaves to hell and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of our's,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

CXLI.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness O how great!

- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose;
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But tho' I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not!
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers will fail;
 O! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

CXLII.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst, &c.

- 1 JESUS does happy spirits bless,
 Who hunger for his righteousness,
 Who seek the smilings of his face,
 And thirst for fresh supplies of grace.

- 2 They cannot here contented live,
On all the dainties earth can give!
Their souls can feast on nothing less
Than Christ's eternal righteousness.
- 3 May this my blest experience be,
To hunger, Lord, and thirst for thee;
And on thy righteousness to live,
Which can both life and comfort give.
- 4 For then at death my soul shall rise,
To the blest banquet in the skies;
And there enjoy the heavenly store,
And feast and sing for evermore.

CXLHI.

Fear not; It is your Father's good pleasure to give you
the Kingdom.

- 1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence; [voice,
Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call,
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring;
For sure supports like these;
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

CXLIV.

It is all for the best.

1 MY soul now arise,
My passions take wing,
Look up to the skies,
And cheerfully sing;
Let God be the object,
In praises address'd,
And this be my subject,
'Tis all for the best.

2 Tho' here day by day
His love shall see good,
Upon thee to lay
His fatherly rod;
Yet be not dejected,
However oppress'd,
Tho' sorely afflicted,
'Tis all for the best.

- 3 On creatures below
I'd not set my heart;
For surely I know
We shortly must part;
For tho' when God gives them,
His name's to be bless'd,
Yet when he removes them,
'Tis all for the best.
- 4 The beams of his grace
Are passing all worth;
The smiles of his face
Bring heaven upon earth;
When to me he shews them,
What joy fills my breast!
And when he withdraws them,
'Tis all for the best.
- 5 When conflicts begin
From various parts,
And Satan throws in
His poisonous darts;
And tho' often sorely
My soul he'll molest;
Yet this I know surely,
Is all for the best.
- 6 And thus thro' the whole
I meet with while here,
I'd comfort my soul,
And silence my fear;

In hoping and praying
 Ere long to be blest,
 In thinking and saying,
 'Tis all for the best.

CXLV.

Hope encouraged by a view of the divine perfections:

1 Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak, desponding
 mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand;
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wondrous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread! how bright they
 shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help, in times of need,
 Still kind to bear, and strong to save.

- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine and I am blest.

CXLVI.

The poor in spirit blessed. Matt. v. iii.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more,
 Let faith survey your future store;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest!
- 2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
 In vain they boast their little stores,
 Trifles are *their's*, a kingdom *your's*!
- 3 A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
 Where undeclining pleasures rise,
 And every wish hath full supplies.
- 4 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
 While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
 The state which power and truth sustain,
 Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 5 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer,
 Reveal, confirm my interest there;
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this my soul desires to know.

- 6 O let me hear that voice divine,
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor;
My largest wishes ask no more.

CXLVII.

Divine Drawings.

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine,
How soft and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine,
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou heard'st us groan beneath the yoke
Of satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins,
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort thro' all the vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumber'd years,
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conquerors feet.

CXLVIII.

Zion the City of God

- 1 **N**O earthly city can compare
With Zion when her Lord is there ;
Her gifts, like golden turrets rise,
Her fervent graces melt the skies.
- 2 Her stately walls are girt with power,
Safety and strength compose her tower,
Firm on a rock her palace stands,
The glory of the Builder's hands.
- 3 A river, full of peace and love,
For ever flowing from above,
Makes her inhabitants rejoice,
And tunes with praise each mourner's
voice.
- 4 Here faith, like eagles from their nest,
Mounts up in search of heavenly rest ;
And love, like incense from a fire,
Ascends in flames of strong desire.
- 5 Here all the heaven-born sons of grace
Proclaim the King of Zion's praise ;
Whose precious name from every tongue
Flows on in one delightful song.

CXLIX.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL'S veins,

- And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see,
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die,
- 5 But when this lispings, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave:
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

CL.

Fountain opened for sinners. Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health,

- 3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its power may be proved
Again and again.
- 4 This fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.
- 5 This fountain though rich,
From charge is quite clear,
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here:
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.
- 6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd;

The fountain flows sweetly,
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Tho' lep'rous as mine.

CLI.

The Lord takes special notice of praying Souls, and will
 own them at the Great Day.

1 **W**HILE sinners utter boasting words,
 And glory in their shame,
 The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords,
 To those who fear his name.

2 They often meet to seek his face,
 And what they do or say
 Is noted in his book of grace,
 Against another day.

3 For they by faith a day descry,
 And joyfully expect
 When he, descending from the sky,
 His jewels will collect!

4 Unnotic'd now, because unknown,
 A poor and suffering few;
 He comes to claim them for his own,
 And bring them forth to view.

5 With transport then their Saviour's care,
 And favour, they shall prove.
 As tender parents guard and spare
 The children of their love.

- 6 Assembled worlds will then discern
That saints alone are blest ;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

CLII.

The Lord will answer Prayer.

- 1 COME, pious souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
Joyful to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.
- 2 Your mournful cry he hears,
He marks your feeblest groan;
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend ;
And to their sorrows and complaints,
Will timely succour send.
- 4 Then blessed be the Lord,
Who has not turn'd away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.
- 5 No, still he bows his ear,
In gentle pity down;
For praying breath he loves to hear,
And praying souls he'll crown.

CLIII.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace
in believing.

1 **N**OW may the God of boundless grace,
The God of hope and love,
Fill each believing soul with peace,
And every doubt remove.

2 Let the bright views of Jesus raise
Our songs divinely high;
And while our tongues repeat his praise,
Let grief stand silent by.

3 Rejoice, ye sons of God, rejoice,
And doubt his love no more;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
And his rich grace adore.

4 Rest on his word, for ever rest,
And glory in his name;
He'll clothe the troublers of your breast,
With everlasting shame.

CLIV.

Encouragement to pray.

1 **M**Y soul, take courage from the Lord,
Believe and plead his holy word;
To him alone do thou complain,
Ner shalt thou seek his face in vain.

- 2 To him apply in humble prayer,
Thou still art his peculiar care ;
He'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 3 However sinful, weak, and poor,
Still wait and pray at mercy's door ;
Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 4 Tho' the corruptions of thy heart
Daily new cause of grief impart,
Pray that thy lusts may all be slain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 5 Tho' sharp afflictions still abound,
And clouds and darkness thee surround,
Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

CLV.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isa. lv, 1.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched
Weak and wounded, sick and sore !
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify :

True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh:
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd;"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb :
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

CLVI.

Pray, and never faint.

- 1 **T**HE Lord who truly knows,
The heart of every saint,
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear ;
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give him rest ;
But be importunate.
- 4 For Christ will surely hear
His chosen when they cry ;
And tho' he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.
- 5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their side ;
When they are griev'd his bowels move,
And can they be deny'd ?

- 6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer ;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

CLVII.

The privilege of Prayer.

- 1 **H**OW shall our hearts or tongues express
The praises due to sov'reign grace ?
That we who Satan's paths have trod,
May here in prayer draw near to God.
- 2 In this great privilege we view
Our honour, pleasure, profit too ;
That we, let what will be our case,
May still draw near a throne of grace.
- 3 Oh ! look with pity on us, Lord,
Thy precious influence afford ;
From chains and fetters set us free,
And help us to draw near to thee.
- 4 When thro' the gloom of death we pass,
There may we see thy smiling face ;
And gladly drop this earthly clod,
And mount to heaven, and meet our God.
- 5 In the bright world, nor sin, nor fear,
Shall intercept our drawing near ;
For sin and fear shall be destroy'd,
And God for ever be enjoy'd.

CLVIII.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CLIX.

PRAYER.

- 1 **P**RAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 Depend on Christ, thou can'st not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

CLX.

The Precept.

- 1 **W**EARY sinner, fill'd with grief,
Mourning from a sense of sin,

- Earnest seeking for relief,
From the load of guilt within.
- 2 From thy legal labours cease,
Come to me and thou shalt prove,
Sweet tranquillity and peace,
In th' enjoyment of my love.
- 3 Exercise thy faith in me,
As th' atonement made for sin;
I have shed a crimson sea;
Come and wash thy soul therein.
- 4 Come to me and be releas'd,
From the fears of burning wrath;
Angry Justice is appeas'd,
By the merits of my death.
- 5 Burden'd sinner, well I know
All relating to thy case;
Suited blessings I bestow;
Free and full forgiving grace,
- 6 Tho' thy heart depraved be,
Vile and foul as those in hell,
Only cast thy soul on me,
All shall be for ever well.

CLXI.

The Prayer.

- 1 I'M a sinner, Lord, indeed,
Dost thou call to such as me?
O how fain would I be freed
From my guilt and misery.

- 2 Fain would I apply to thee,
Fain would on thy blood rely;
Did I know 'twas shed for me,
For a wretch so vile as I!
- 3 Yet the word of truth declares,
Pardon, freely thro' thy blood;
Tho' my sins were like the stars,
Both for size and multitude.
- 4 But my cursed unbelief
Binds me in its slavish chain;
If thy pow'r gives no relief,
I a captive must remain.
- 5 Help me, Jesus, to believe
In thy righteousness and blood;
Give me freely to receive
Pardon from a smiling God.
- 6 Every care and guilty fear,
Sun of Righteousness, remove;
Let thy Spirit witness bear
To my int'rest in thy love.

CLXII.

The Promise.

- 1 **B**E encourag'd, fainting heart,
Thou art mine, I've purchas'd thee;
I will never with thee part,
Thou art precious unto me.

- 2 'Tis my hand has brought thee low,
In the dust before my throne;
That thou may'st thy weakness know,
And confide in me alone.
- 3 I have quicken'd thee to feel
Guilt and sin a heavy load;
That I might in time reveal
Pardon thro' atoning blood.
- 4 Hunger after living bread,
Thirst for gospel milk and wine;
Did from nature ne'er proceed,
Truly no, that gift was mine.
- 5 Hunger never pains the dead,
Lifeless sinners never thirst;
Therefore shall thy soul be fed,
Since I gave thee life at first.
- 6 I will make thee pure and clean,
Thro' the sprinkling of my blood;
The tyrannic rule of sin
Shall be broken and subdu'd.

CLXIII.

Humble pleadings for mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell:
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.
- 4 Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
We would thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Oh, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive,
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

CLXIV.

- 1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart with shame and grief.
A sink of sin and unbelief.

- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And, vent'ring near, I fain would come;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Among thy children room for me?
- 3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed;
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me.

CLXV.

The Penitent's Prayer.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS Lord, attend
A penitent's request,
And let the sinner's only Friend
Receive me to his breast.
- 2 My heavy load remove,
And cause thy light to shine,
And shed abroad thy pard'ning love
In this vile heart of mine.
- 3 Thy everlasting arms
Extend, and take me in,
And save from the deceitful charms,
Of my besetting sin.
- 4 O banish from my breast
Whate'er thine eyes offend;
And let my weary spirit rest
In thee, the sinner's Friend.

- 5 In mercy, Lord, bestow
Redemption in thy blood;
And by thy Spirit make me know
That I am born of God.

CLXVI.

The Backslider's Prayer.

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep :
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep :
Let me be by grace restor'd,
To me be all its freeness shown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me thro' thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart ;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye ;

Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break this heart of stone.

- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye,
 Was clos'd that we might live;
 "Father, (at the point to die
 My Saviour cried) forgive;"
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns and looks and cries, "Tis done!"
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

CLXVII.

"Renew a right Spirit within me."

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, I cry to thee,
 For supernatural light;
 From error set my judgment free,
 And guide my spirit right.
- 2 O let me fully understand
 My Father's righteous will!
 And subject to his mild command,
 The same with joy fulfil.
- 3 My will continually subdue,
 And subject it to thine;
 Create my spirit wholly new,
 In righteousness divine.

- 4 All my affections sanctify,
And fix on things above;
Now let me with thy will comply,
Constrain'd by heavenly love.
- 5 Then keep me steadfast to the end,
A penitent forgiven,
Till summon'd by the sinner's Friend,
To take my seat in heaven.

CLXVIII.

A tender conscience desired.

- 1 LORD, by thy Spirit, make us feel
A jealous godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That we from thee no more may part,
No more thy Spirit grieve;
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, each conscience make;
Awake our souls where sin is nigh,
And keep them still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left we stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let us weep our lives away,
Rather than grieve thy love.

- 5 O may the least omission pain
Each well-instructed soul;
And drive us to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

CLXIX.

"Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

- 1 **T**O thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.
- 2 Be thou my guardian, ever near,
Thy presence I intreat,
O keep my spirit in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.
- 3 The paths I tread are full of snares,
Thy wisdom, Lord, impart;
Let not applause allure my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.
- 4 I'd seek the honour of thy name,
And leave my own to die;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

CLXX.

Thirsting for God.

- 1 **W**HEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme

The weary pilgrim longs to taste,
The cool refreshing stream.

So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes;
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

O may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire!
And still through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice,
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

CLXXI.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with them be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run,
With water, sweet and clear.

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

CLXXII.

O that I knew where I might find him. Job xxiii. 3, 4.

- 1 O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain,
How love decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain!

- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to a throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

CLXXIII.

Oh! that I were as in months past!

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 5 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his Face;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.

- 6 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail;
O come without delay!

CLXXIV.

A throne of grace.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows his smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 3 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless,
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Since 'tis my Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

CLXXV.

The value of the throne of grace.

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there :
Like her in every trying case,
Let us approach a throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad
In trouble, what a resting place,
Have they who know a throne of grace.
- 3 Eli, her case mistook,
How was her spirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke !
But God her cause approv'd :
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.
- 4 Men have not power or skill,
With troubled souls to bear,
Though they express good will,
Poor comforters they are :
But swelling sorrow sink apace,
When we approach a throne of grace.
- 5 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true,

Nor one been yet deny'd,
 Then why should I or you?
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace.

CLXXVI.

Fellowship with God.

- 1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
 Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Nor life, nor all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flowery road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.
- 3 When I am made, in love, to bear
 Affliction's needful rod;
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
 Thro' fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
 Or dark desertion's road;
 I'm happy, if I can but taste
 Some fellowship with God.
- 5 So when the icy hand of death,
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 O may I yield my latest breath,
 In fellowship with God,

- 6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my bless'd abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

CLXXVII.

“Be still, and know that I am God.”

- 1 **L**ET me, thou sovereign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humble fall;
And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God!
- 2 If thou my earthly comforts slay,
And take beloved ones away;
Still may my soul revere thy rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God!
- 3 Let me not murmur, nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of thine;
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still, and know that thou art God!
- 4 Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind;
And may my soul thy ways applaud,
Be still, and know that thou art God!
- 5 Thy love thou'lt make in heaven appear,
In all I've borne or suffer'd here;
Let me, till brought to that abode,
Be still, and know that thou art God!

CLXXVIII.

Resignation and Thankfulness.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this desert land,
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 2 Is health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 While such delightful gifts as these,
Are kindly dealt to me;
Be all my hours of health and ease,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 4 And O whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
May this petition rise.
- 5 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And let me live to thee.
- 6 "Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
"My path of life attend;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And bless its happy end."

CLXXIX.

A spirit of pride lamented.

- 1 **I**NNUMERABLE foes,
Attack the child of God;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.
- 2 But tho' the hosts of hell,
Be neither weak nor small;
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.
- 3 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That sin by God abhor'd,
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 4 It blows its poisonous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart up-lifts, with God's own gifts,
And makes even grace a snare.
- 5 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse;
Unseen or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 6 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, 'still tis there.

- 7 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill;
That wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.

CLXXX.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

CLXXXI.

- 1 O FOR an heart to praise my God,
 An heart from guilt set free,
 An heart that's sprinkled with thy blood,
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 An heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 3 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of love.
- 4 O for a lowly contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part,
 From him that dwells within.

CLXXXII.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 O thou who didst the winds controul,
 And bade the waves be still;
 Speak calmness to my troubled soul,
 And bow my stubborn will.

- 2 May solid peace enrich my breast,
Contentment fill my mind;
Let me upon thy promise rest,
And lasting comfort find.
- 3 Thy plans by wisdom are arrang'd,
And fix'd by firm decrees;
Nor can thy purposes be chang'd,
A creature's will to please.
- 4 No future step my feet can dread,
Nor blessing can I find,
Nor trial feel, nor tear can shed,
But what thou hast design'd.
- 5 Then let me not so anxious be,
But on thy promise rest;
And leave myself, my all with thee,
To do as thou think'st best.

CLXXXIII.

Deliverance from anxious cares desired.

- 1 **L**ET all my anxious cares be gone;
Why should they now disturb my
breast?
My soul confide in God alone,
And in his gracious promise rest.
- 2 There is a rich, a full supply,
In the broad cov'nant of his love;
Then let my groans ascend on high,
To bring the blessings from above.

- 3 O for a heart that loves to pray,
That loves to converse with the Lord !
Fain would I cast my fears away,
And live by faith upon his word.
- 4 On God I'd cast my every care,
To him my every want make known ;
When troubles come, in humble prayer,
I'd spread them all before his throne.

CLXXXIV.

Perseverance prayed for.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood,
By ties both natural and divine,
I am, and ever shall be thine.
- 2 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me;
For such ingratitude to thee.
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
The guilt, the shame I deprecate ;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
Grace in the needful hour afford ;
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine !

- 5 So make me triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joy from all my tears,
That I may to the world proclaim,
The honours of the christian name.

CLXXXV.

Assurance of interest in the divine favour.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O could I say, "the Lord is mine!"
'Tis all my soul desires.

- 2 Thy smiles can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd;
Substantial bliss without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

- 3 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

- 4 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God;
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice,
To spread thy praise abroad.

CLXXXVI,

THE INWARD WARFARE.

- 1 **S**TRANGE and mysterious is my life;
What opposites I feel within!

A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the power of sin;
Too oft I am a captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.

- 2 I prize the privilege of prayer,
But Oh! what backwardness to pray!
Tho' on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day;
I seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet tho' their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold;
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints,
Sweet day of all the week the best,
For its return my spirit pants;
Yet often thro' my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 Thus diff'rent powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale:
But Jesus has his promise pass'd,
That grace shall overcome at last.

CLXXXVII.

The Effort.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burden'd soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That shelter'd near thy side;
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "thou hast died."
- 5 Oh! wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
"My promis'd grace receive;"
Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

CLXXXVIII.

To whom, Lord, shall we go ?

1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend ;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither ! ah whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life, thy words impart,
On those my fainting spirit lives,
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole realm of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call
One smile ; one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee, 'tis death, 'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

CLXXXIX.

The contrite heart.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine,
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My grace renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer:
I therefore go where others go;
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

CXC.

The struggle between faith and unbelief.

- 1 JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee, believing we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

CXCI.

A soul in distress, anxious to know the cause

- 1 A H! whither shall I go,
Burden'd and sick, and faint?
To whom shall I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?

- He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus the hinderance show,
Which I have fear'd to see,
Yet let me now consent to know,
What keeps me far from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

CXCII.

Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence,
My wondering thoughts confound.

- 3 When I behold thy awful hand,
My earthly hopes destroy;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?
- 4 As thro' a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of thy joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light!
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love and praise.

CXCIH.

Self-Examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I? My soul awake,
A strict, impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear
In practice or in heart appear?

- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought and word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.
- 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to my soul myself display.
- 6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ thro' all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

CXCIV.

Lovest thou me?

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove?
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it so with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my grief a ~~sin~~ and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art the people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray,
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

CXCIV.

RESIGNATION AND CONFIDENCE.

- 1 **T**HEE, dearest Lord, my soul adores,
I would be thine and only thine ;
To thee, my heart and all its powers
With full consent I would resign.
- 2 But ah ! this weak, inconstant mind,
How frail, how apt from thee to stray !
Trifles, as empty as the wind,
Can tempt my roving thoughts away.
- 3 Sure I am thine—or why this lo ad,
When earthly vanities beguile ?
Why do I mourn my absent God,
And languish for thy cheering smile ?
- 4 If thou return, how sweet the joy,
Tho' mix'd with penitential smart !
Then I despise each tempting toy,
And long to give thee all my heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, thy saving power display,
Resistless power of love divine,
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine and only thine.

CXCVI.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isa. xiii. 2.

- 1 **B**E GONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,

And for my relief,
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle
And he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

- 2 Tho' dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide;
 Tho' cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he hath spoken
 Shall surely prevail.

- 3 His love in time past
 Forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink,
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.

- 4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave
 I sported with death:
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,

And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

- 5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

- 6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

CXCVII.

Resignation; or, God our portion.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
 Tho' the whole world were gone;
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet;
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mix'd with gall;
 Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be thou my all in all.

CXCVIII.

The Christian's spiritual voyage.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word:
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord;
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
 Thro' all my passage lie,

Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest,
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast :
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destin'd place ;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CXCIX.

Choosing the better part.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
O God of truth, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To choose and seek the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let impetuous storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

CC.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame
That I no more revere his name.

- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me.

CCI.

Faith triumphing.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'rings to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is yea and amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impress'd on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace:
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given,
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

CCII.

GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

CCIII.

Distinguishing Grace.

1 HOW happy are they,
 Their calling who see,
 And venture alone for salvation on thee;
 In Jesus approv'd,
 Eternally lov'd,
 Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.

2 Our seeking thy face,
 Was all of thy grace,
 Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the
 No sinner can be [praise
 Before-hand with thee,
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free

3 Yet one thing we want,
 More holiness grant,
 For more of thy mind and thine image we
 While onward we move, [pant
 To Canaan above,
 Lord, fill us with holiness, fill us with love

- 4 Vouchsafe us to know
 More of thee below,
 Thus fit us for heaven and glory bestow ;
 O love and defend
 And save to the end,
 Till we to the regions above shall ascend.

CCIV.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to my ear,
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And earth rejoice to hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace displays,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandring feet
 To tread the heavenly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

CCV.

- 1 **W**ITH pleasing wonder, Lord, I trace
 Thy ways of providence and grace;

- Thro' each revolving month I see,
Thy faithfulness and love to me.
- 2 To all the future I am blind,
Yet still I know thee true and kind;
Then, Saviour, guide, support, succeed,
Or chasten as thou seest I need.
- 3 Then like the Patriarch I can go
Through scenes of joy, or scenes of woe;
Assur'd whate'er may me befall,
To find thee near and good in all.

CCVI.

Praise for the blessings of Providence and Grace,

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days;
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er!
- 4 While sweet reflection through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

CCVII.

Ebenezer.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise,
 With a grateful heart I own,
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
 Well I know concerns me not ;
 This should set my heart at rest,
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign ;
 Father, let thy will be mine,
 May but all thy dealings prove,
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
 Guard me in the trying hour ;
 Let thy unremitted care
 Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request ;
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

CCVIII.

Remembering all the way the Lord hath led us.
Deut. viii. 2.

1 **T**HUS far hath Jesus led us on,
And made his truth and mercy know.
Our hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with our sighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderness we roam,
Far distant from our blissful home :
Lord, let thy presence be our stay,
And guard us in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares our peace destroy ;
Our earthly joys are from us torn,
And oft an absent God we mourn.

4 Our souls with various tempests toss'd,
Their hopes o'erturn'd their projects cross'd,
See every day new straits attend,
And wonder where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

CCIX.

Praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honours to thy Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty SPIRIT be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

CCX.

THE BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,
Th'Almighty Three, th'eternal One,
Nature and grace with all their powers,
Confess the infinite unknown!
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs,
Thou art thine own original;
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thy self appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shake this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name!

CCXI.

God glorious and sinners saved. Isa. xliv. 23.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies!
- 2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;
- 3 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,
We love, and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CCXII.

God's dominion and decrees.

- 1 **K** EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name!
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

CCXIII.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

1 LORD, when our raptur'd thought sur-
 Creation's beauties o'er, [veys
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.

2 The living tribes of countless forms,
 In earth, and sea, and air;
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty power declare.

3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear;
 And, O! let man thy praise record,
 Man thy distinguish'd care!

4 From thee the breath of life he drew;
 That breath thy power maintains;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.

- 5 Thy providence, his constant guard,
 When threatning woes impend,
 Or will the impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours send.
- 6 On us that providence has shone,
 With gentle, smiling rays,
 O may our lips and lives make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise !

CCXIV.

God working all things after the council of his own will

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord ! with wise design
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
 And every dark or bending line,
 Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light and half obscure,
 We mortals thy arrangements view
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious, just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Tho' now they seem to roam unseen,
 Are led and driven only where
 They best and safest may remain.
- 4 They neither know, nor trace the way,
 But trusting to thy piercing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail, or die.

- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

CCXV.

The mysteries of Providence; or, light shining out
of darkness.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CCXVI.

Providence equitable and kind.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various, shifting
Of life's mistaken ill or good, [scene
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share,
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 4 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep fetch'd sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 5 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend,
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

CCXVII.

The divine Sovereignty.

1 **O**UR God reigns, ye lands rejoice,
Lift, ye isles, a thankful voice,
Every throne by one controul'd,
Well secures the passive world.

2 Higher than the sons of pride,
He bids raging waves subside,
Whate'er strifes the nations fill
The whole centre's in his will.

3 How unfathomably wise,
Beauteous too his counsel lies!
Every way his will is done,
Every way his justice shown.

4 Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing word,
Satan strives and men object,
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.

5 Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his kingdom hold;
Wheels encircling wheels must run
Each in place to bring it on.

6 Blest is faith that trusts his power,
Blest are saints that wait his hour;
Haste, great Conqueror, bring it near,
Let the glorious close appear.

CCXVIII.

THE NAME AND CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never failing treasury fill'd,
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

CCXIX.

Christ the life of the Soul.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die ?
Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my eternal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands ;
Nor all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands !
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose,
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

CCXX.

Christ's unparalleled love.

- 1 **C**HRIST is a friend, and saints should
To praise his holy name, [join

- His truth and kindness are divine,
His love a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end, nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself he gives us still.
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

CCXXI.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth sweetly meet:
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last labouring breath,
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

CCXXII.

Christ the same to day and for ever.

- 1 **I**S Jesus ever-more the same?
Lean then, my soul, on Jesus' name;
And bid thine unbelief be gone,
And learn to live by faith alone.
- 2 No time can alter his decrees,
Nor change his precious promises;
His word shall stand through endless day,
When heaven and earth are pass'd away.

- 3 But O how weak my faith appears,
How prone to yield to doubts and fears !
Mistrusting when I'm chang'd in frame,
That Jesus is not still the same.
- 4 Why do I act so vile a part,
And grieve my dear Redeemer's heart ?
Establish, Lord, my wav'ring mind,
And keep my unbelief confin'd !
- 5 O help my faith to soar above,
To rest in thine unchanging love !
Thy faithfulness I would adore,
And never grieve my Saviour more.

CCXXIII.

Lamb of God.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak !
And in our priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

CCXXIV.

Tempted, but flying to Christ for refuge.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All in all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;

- Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace !
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within !
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

CCXXV.

Christ the believer's example. John xiii. 15.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
 Such let our conversation be ;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 But ah how blind ! how weak we are !
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

CCXXVI.

Pearl of great price. Matt. xiii. 46.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense,
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.

Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.

Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd;
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

- 6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine!
 Accept the wish that love inspires.
 And bid me call thee mine.

CCXXVII.

Physician of Souls. Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has
 made,
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?
 In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
 The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin like a raging fever reigns,
 With fatal strength in every part,
 The dire contagion fills the veins,
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
 And is no kind Physician nigh,
 To ease the pain and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near,
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear,
 Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 5 See in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health and bliss abundant flow;
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood,
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe,

- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
 For here a sovereign cure is found,
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for every painful wound.

CGXXVIII.

The Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress:
 Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head!
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To take my mansion in the skies;
 Even then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand at that great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 While thro' thy blood absolv'd I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
 Sinners of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The robe of Christ is ever new.

- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
 Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
 Their beauty this their glorious dress,
 Jesus the Lord, our righteousness!

CCXXXIX.

Way to Canaan.

- 1 **J**ESUS my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I place my hopes upon,
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief, my burden long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 Come hither, soul, "I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come—and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 My sinful self to thee I give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

CCXXX.

Incarnation of Christ. Luke. ii. xiv.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song:
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high;
 "Good-will and peace are now complete,
 "Jesus was born to die."
- 7 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

CCXXXI.

A dying Saviour!

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour
 Hark! his expiring groans arise! [dies,
 See from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound;
 The vital stream how free it flows
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man! surprising grace!
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed!
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

CCXXXII.

The Resurrection of Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sits in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise!
- 4 Lives again your glorious King,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head,
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou!
- 7 King of glory! Source of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know—thy power to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love.

CCXXXIII.

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrow;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay!
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!"
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
 The Lord of boundless power possess,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

CCXXXIV.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners, dies!
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's court he flies:
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, death, in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?
 "And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

CCXXXV.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting souls proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord,
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

CCXXXVI.

The Divine Presence with the worshipping assembly.

- 1 GREAT King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Hear, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here, may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

- 3 Here may th'attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above;
 And willing crowds surround thy board
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine like polish'd stones
 Thro' long succeeding days;
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

CCXXXVII.

The Lord's day.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when
 press'd
 With six days noise, and care, and toil
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile.
- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a different air;
 Compos'd and softened by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.
- 3 How happy if their lot is cast
 Where stately the gospel sounds;
 The word is honey to their taste, wounds.
 Renews their strength, and heals their

- 4 With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met,
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 5 This favour'd lot by grace is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above.
- 6 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
Here we thy promis'd presence seek,
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

CCXXXVIII.

The sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows!

- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest;
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

CCXXXIX.

The Lord's day morning.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls collected powers;
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine!

- 3 The word of life, dispens'd to day,
 Invites us to a heavenly feast;
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a humble guest;
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul reviving dainties feed!
- 4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine;
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

CCXL.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, who daily feed'st thy
 sheep,
 Prepar'st a weekly feast:
 O may our longing appetite
 Thy rich provision taste!
- 2 We come to wait, to hear and pray,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, we trace;
 Well-pleas'd to think this is the day
 To see our Saviour's face.
- 3 Welcome, O Jesus, to our souls,
 Are these sweet feasts of love;
 But what a sabbath shall we keep
 When we shall rest above!

CCXLI.

The Lord's day evening.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual sabbath day,
Without a veil between.
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray in faith,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 The Spirit of my Father give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my paths to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

CCXLII.

Prayer answered by crosses.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,

And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this," I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

CCXLIII.

Present declensions lamented.

- 1 **O** LORD, didst thou not once begin
To save my wretched soul from sin,
To free from its tyrannic force,
As well as from its awful curse?
- 2 Then how my spirit lov'd to meet
The saints in worship at thy feet!
And what transporting joys I found
Under the gospel's joyful sound!

- 3 But now, how weak are all my powers,
How comfortless my fleeting hours !
What little zeal for thee my God !
How languid in the heavenly road !
- 4 My love, how cold ! my faith, how weak !
How seldom for my God I speak !
Why is it thus, dear Jesus, why ?
Shall thy own work within me die ?
- 5 No, my almighty Saviour, no,
Grace cannot fail, tho' faith be low ;
Then, Lord, the work of grace revive,
And bid me to thy glory live.

CCXLIV.

For the baptizing of Infants.

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

CCXLV.

Prayer for Children.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race,
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their soul to thee.

- 3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed,
O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

- 4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
And follow their despised Lord,
Nor put his cause to shame.

- 5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board;
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And praise their dying Lord.

CCXLVI.

At our collections for the Poor.

- 1 **T**HE Lord who rules the world's affairs
For me a well-spread board prepares
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies
- 2 And shall I grudge to give his poor,
A mite from all my generous store,
No, Lord, the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

CCXLVII.

FOR A PRAYER—OR CHURCH MEETING.

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
Thine energy impart,
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Father of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow,
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

CCXLVIII.

The privileges of the Sons of God.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have :

With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity !

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun ;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.

They are justified by grace,
And enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

- 4 They have fellowship with God,
Thro' a Mediator's blood;
And produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness.
- 5 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worlding's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.
- 6 They alone are truly bless'd,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

CCXLIX.

Union desired.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree,
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us each for other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

- 4 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

CCL.

A welcome to christian friends.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

CCLI.

Brotherly love.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

- 2 Lord, may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;

- May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And shew a brother's love.
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 For love's the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

CCLII.

The reception of Members.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord who answers prayer,
And makes our numbers to increase,
May all the church his blessings share,
And live in union, love and peace.
- 2 With joy we welcome them, O Lord,
Who now to thee themselves resign,
And in obedience to thy word,
With us in church-communion join.
- 3 Lord, may our union prove sincere,
United by the bonds of love;
Increase and strengthen every year,
Till it be perfected above.

CCLIII.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

CCLIV.

For new year's Day.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, we bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same,
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead;
Since from this day the changing sun
Thro' his last yearly period run!
- 3 We midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand,
And see, when we survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 4 Thus far thy arm has led us on,
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 5 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

CCLV.

A morning hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee, let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,

- Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore!
- 3 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!
- 4 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

CCLVI.

An evening hymn.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes come quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts desire.

- 4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set,
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

CCLVII.

At parting.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, or ought esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When vanquish'd death shall sink away,
And bodies part no more.

CCLVIII.

For a Fast Day.

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer,
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we, Lord, in private pray'd
Our country might find grace;
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 O may we all with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.
- 4 Great God of Hosts, deliverance bring,
Guide those who hold the helm,
Support the state, preserve the king,
And spare the guilty realm.
- 5 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.
- 6 Whate'er may be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son;
Give us thy gospel and thy grace,
And then—thy will be done.

CCLIX.

The wickedness of the Nation lamented, and its reformation prayed for.

1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "forbear."

3 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Thro' this apostate Isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!

4 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire!

6 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face!

CCLX.

National Judgments deprecated.

- 1 COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay,
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.
- 2 In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
No more we place our trust;
In God alone our hope relies,
Kind, potent, wise and just.
- 3 Great is our guilt, our fears are great;
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 4 Kind intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 5 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake
Attend thy Britain's cry;
Nor let thy kindling vengeance break,
Destructive from thine eye.
- 6 Tho' justice, near thy awful throne,
Attends thy dread command;
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

CCLXI.

A Prayer for our own Country in time of War.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with guilt and
shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile,
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secured,
And commerce lift its fainting head.
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The cruel sword, the glittering spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land,
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

CCLXII.

For a Person in illness, or in old age.

- 1 **O**LORD, by thine almighty arm,
My feeble frame sustain!

- When life is hov'ring o'er the grave,
 And nature sinks with pain,
 2 And when I feel the pains of death,
 Do thou my fears remove;
 And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
 To speak of dying love.
 3 May I recline my fainting head
 Upon thy faithful breast,
 Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.
 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
 I would my soul resign,
 In firm dependence on that grace,
 Which made salvation mine.
 5 If 'tis thy will, my health restore,
 And sanctify my pain;
 That I may live to speak thy praise,
 And walk thy courts again.
 6 But what thy wisdom thinks is best,
 That I would choose to be;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with thee.

CCLXIII.

Submission under affliction.

- 1 **P**EACE, my complaining doubting heart,
 Ye busy cares, be still;
 Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
 Nor murmur at his will,

- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand,
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains.
- 4 Yes, Lord, I own thy sovereign hand,
How just, and wise, and kind!
Be every anxious thought supprest,
And all my soul resign'd.
- 5 But oh! indulge this only wish,
This boon I must implore,
Assure my soul that thou art mine,
My God, I ask no more.

CCLXIV.

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **A** WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life;
My life!—my soul, recal the word,
Tis life to see my gracious Lord.
- 2 Why inconvenient now to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?

- 3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious sun appear.
- 4 O bless him!—bless, ye dying saints,
The God of grace when nature faints;
He shew'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To shew me he had power to save.

CCLXV.

DEATH.

- 1 **O** DEATH, frail nature's dreadful foe,
Thy frown with terror fills my heart;
How shall I bear the fatal blow
Which must my soul and body part?
- 2 Whene'er I look, with frighten'd eyes,
On thy impenetrable shade,
Alas! what gloomy horrors rise,
And all my trembling frame invade!
- 3 O could I know my sins forgiven,
Soon would these terrors disappear,
Then should I see a glimpse of heaven,
And look on death without a fear!
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour and my God,
To thee my trembling spirit flies;
Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
On this alone my soul relies.

- 5 O let thy love's all powerful ray,
 With pleasing force, divine controul,
 Arise and chase these clouds away,
 And shine around my doubting soul.

CCLXVI.

Prayer for victory over Death.

- 1 **I**F death appears before my sight,
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

- 2 How shall I meet the potent foe,
 Whose frown my soul alarms?
 Dark horrors sit upon his brow,
 And victory waits his arms.

- 3 Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
 My guard for ever near;
 And faith shall triumph over sense,
 And never yield to fear.

- 4 O may I meet the dreadful hour
 With fortitude divine!
 Sustain'd by thy almighty power,
 The conquest must be mine!

- 5 And tho' subdued this body lies
 Slain in the mortal strife;
 O may my soul unconquer'd rise
 To a diviner life!

CCLXVII.

The Christian dying.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 " Sister spirit, come away."
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

CCLXVIII.

The death of the Sinner and the Saint.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread
 Await the sinner's dying bed !
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,
 Presages of eternal night !

- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears!
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns he finds no rest!
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror dies!
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near!
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

-CCLXIX.

Improvement of the death of our neighbours.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, nor slumbering lie,
Amid the gloomy haunts of death;
Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
Commission'd for my parting breath.

- 2 That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleasures here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 3 Death calls my friends and neighbours
And none resist the fatal dart; [hence,
Continual warnings strike my sense;
And shall they fail to reach my heart!
- 4 Lord of my life, inspire my soul
With heavenly ardour, grace divine,
Nor let thy presence e'er remove;
For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 5 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve!
And while my days are shortening still,
Prepare me for the joys above.
- 6 Insure to me my life on high,
Life, from a dying Saviour's blood;
Then, tho' my minutes swiftly fly,
They bear me nearer to my God.

CCLXX.

The welcome Messenger.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death:

- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thy envoy to convey
Our spirit in his stead.
- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.
- 5 O! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting;
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.
- 6 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

CCLXXI.

The presence of God worth dying for.

- 1 **L**ORD, tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With raptures on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exalting grace
The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God !
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wond'rous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God "and die:"
The prophet climb'd and died !
- 6 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferiour things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings !

CCLXXII.

At the funeral of a young person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd
By death's resistless hand, [away
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh;
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids me seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us now to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave!
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign love impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

CCLXXIII.

Comfort for pious parents, who have been bereaved of
their children. Isa. lvi. 4, 5.

- YE mourning saints, whose streaming
Flow o'er your children dead, [tears]
Say not in transport of despair
That all your hopes are fled.

- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view,
A heavenly parent nigh.
- 3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
"No names of daughters and of sons
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Trancient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight
"My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds, which thro' our
Prepare a way for thee. [hearts,

CCLXXIV.

Christ a guide through death to glory.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land!
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro':
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death's, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee!

CCLXXV.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD, AND THE
 DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

- 1 **T**HE great Archangel's trump shall
 sound,
 While twice ten thousand thunders roar;
 Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
 And bid the sea her dead restore.
- 2 The graves shall all disclose their dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal;
 The sinner lift his guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But they who now the Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure;
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;
 Stand as the rock of ages sure.

- 4 Lord, may we stand when stars shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd;
Undaunted rest amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 When the celestial bodies roll
In spires of smoke beneath our feet;
Heaven shrivels as a parchment scroll,
And earth dissolves with fervent heat: —
- 6 Then, Lord, may we transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down;
Both soul and body upwards rise,
And wear an everlasting crown.

CCLXXVI.

Imploring to be found in the divine favour at the consum-
mation of all things.

- 1 **A**ND may I hope that when no more,
These pulses beat with life below,
I shall the God of love adore,
And all the bliss of being know!
- 2 I who deserve no place but hell,
No portion but devouring fire,
Let me with Christ in glory dwell,
Possess'd of all I now desire.
- 3 May he from life's eternal book
To earth and heaven proclaim my name;
On me, as on his chosen look,
And make my lot with theirs the same.

- 4 Let me be with him when he comes,
Triumphant down the parting skies;
And when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children may I rise.
- 5 Among his chosen let me stand,
When quick and dead his throne surround;
Bless'd with a place at his right hand,
And with immortal glory crown'd.

CCLXXVII.

Praying to be among the blessed at the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HAT joys will crown that happy
hour
When in the air the Lord we meet,
And triumph o'er infernal power
With Satan bruise'd beneath our feet!
- 2 When waking millions burst their way,
Invested with immortal white,
And freed from chains of mould'ring clay,
Thro' death's strong bars to opening light!
- 3 When happy myriads, with their Lord
Descend betwixt the opening skies,
And fly at his almighty word,
To meet their bodies as they rise;
- 4 And when the broken wheels of time,
To vast eternity give way;
May we ascend the heavenly clime,
To spend an everlasting day.

- 5 In that bright world no clouds shall rise
 To wrap the heavenly scenes in night;
 Nor darkness veil th' eternal skies;
 Nor shade their everlasting light.

CCLXXVIII.

Sinners and saints in the wreck of nature.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God
 Who shakes creation with his nod!
 He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame
 Sinks in one universal flame!
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
 For shelter in the general wreck?
 Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
 See rocks like snow dissolving down!
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
 There on the flaming billows toss'd,
 For ever—O for ever lost!
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
 Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
 Your Saviour lives, tho' worlds expire,
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

CCLXXIX.

JUDGMENT. Rev. i. 7.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!
- 3 Every Island, Sea, and Mountain,
Heaven and Earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own pride and spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
 The new heaven and earth t'inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come !
- 6 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thy exalted throne ;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

CCLXXX.

The day of Judgment.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark !—the trumpet's awful sound;
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine ;
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;

All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee!

- 4 Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation—
 “Hence, accursed wretch, depart;
 “Thou with Satan
 “And his angels have thy part!”

- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov’d and serv’d the Lord below;
 He will say, “Come near, ye blessed,
 “See the kingdom I bestow!
 “You for ever
 “Shall my love and glory know.”

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise;
 Swiftly God’s great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang’d to praise:
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze!

CCLXXXI.

The Books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come;
 Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
 That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
 And wakes the prisoners under ground.

- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command,
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen!
- 4 To every soul the books assign,
The joyous, or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
Here may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

CCLXXXII.

HEAVEN.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, let thy boundless grace
Remove our guilt, our fears remove;
Then shall our thoughts with raptures trace
The radiant mansions of thy love!
- 2 There shall our hearts no more complain,
Nor sin prevail, nor grace decay;
But perfect joy forever reign,
One glorious, undeclining day.

- 3 There shall we see thy lovely face,
 And chang'd to purity divine,
 Partake the splendours of the place,
 And in thy glorious likeness shine!
- 4 O let thy Spirit now impart
 The kind assurance of thy love,
 With sealing power to every heart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

CCLXXXIII.

The Pilgrim's song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 T'wards heaven thy native place,
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove:
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source:
 Thus a soul new born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

CCLXXXIV.

Hope anticipating Heaven.

- 1 **O** THE rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
And then I ask no more.
- 2 I fain would come, and see, and taste,
The blessings of thy love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 3 There pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow ;
The guilty lose a sense of sin,
The tried a sense of woe.
- 4 There Jesus stands with open arms,
And says, " Here yet is room !"
Guilt holds us back, and fear alarms,
But still he bids us come.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile
 My fainting soul renew;
 Then shall the heavenly Canaan yield
 A fair, tho' distant view.

CCLXXXV.

The promised Land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruit, that never fails,
 On trees immortal grow:
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks and
 With milk and honey flow. [vales,
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore:
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Tho' Jordan's streams around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

CCLXXXVI.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 **T**HY presence! gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply
With sovereign power, and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

CCLXXXVII.

- 1 **B**LESSED Lord, be thou our Teacher
Helper, Counsellor and Guide;
Speak the promise thro' the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide:
May each state, howe'er distressing,
Yield us profit in the end;
Every ordinance a blessing,
Every providence a friend.

CCLXXXVIII.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every soul and thought preside.
- 2 While we attend thy holy word,
Do thou thine influence afford,
To us divine instructions give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 Thy wisdom and thy love display,
And teach thy servant what to say;
To him all needful aid impart,
And by him speak to every heart.

CCLXXXIX.

1 COME, thou soul-transporting Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
 From the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
 Which thy word's design'd to give;
 Let us all thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive:
 And for ever
 To thy praise and glory live.

See Hymns. xlii. lvi. lxix. cxxiii. cxxiv.
 cxxv. cxxxvi.

CCXC.

HYMNS. AFTER SERMON.

1 ONCE more before we part,
 Great God, attend our prayer;
 And seal the gospel on the heart
 Of every person here.

2 And if we meet no more
 On Zion's holy ground,
 O may we reach that happy shore
 Where God, our God is found.

CCXCI.

- I **T**O thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our powers,
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours;
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.

CCXCII.

- I **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion
 Joys which earth can not afford.

CCXCIII.

- I **I**F Jesus is your's
 You have a true friend,
 His goodness endures
 The same to the end;
 Your comforts may vary,
 Your frames may decline,
 You cannot miscarry
 Your aid is divine.

CCXCIV.

Now is the accepted time.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

CCXCV.

This God is our God for ever and ever.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CCXCVI.

The peace of God shall keep your hearts, &c.

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here !

CCXCVII.

- 1 **S**INNERS, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknow'n,
Heedless against thy God to fly.
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold, the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold !

CCXCVIII.

A propitious gale longed for.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come;
" Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
" But swell my sails, and speed my way !
- 2 " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
" And loose my cable from below:
" But I can only spread my sail;
" 'Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious
gale."

CCXCIX.

Persevering grace desired.

LORD, hast thou made us know thy
 Conduct us in thy fear, [ways?
 And grant us such supplies of grace,
 That we may persevere.

Be thou our all-sufficient friend,
 Till all our toils shall cease;
 Guard us thro' life, and let our end
 Be everlasting peace.

CCC.

At Dismission.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word,
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

CCCI.

The same.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us!
 Travelling thro' this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay:
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

CCCII.

- 1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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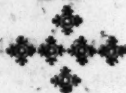
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